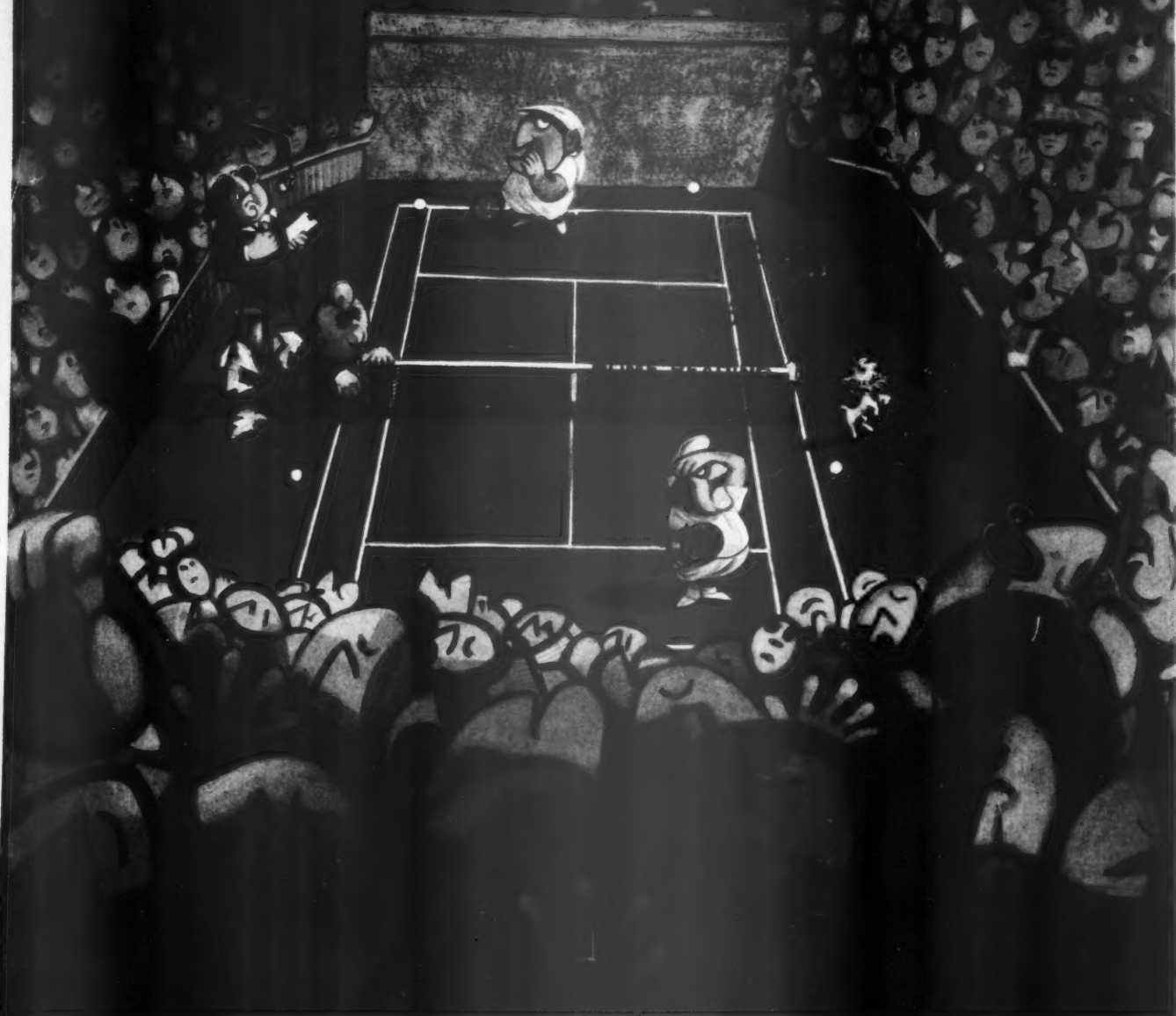


PUNCH JUNE 28 1961

VOL. CCXL

Punch

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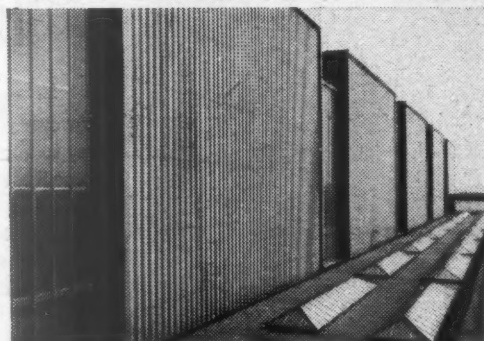
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trail
Yup,



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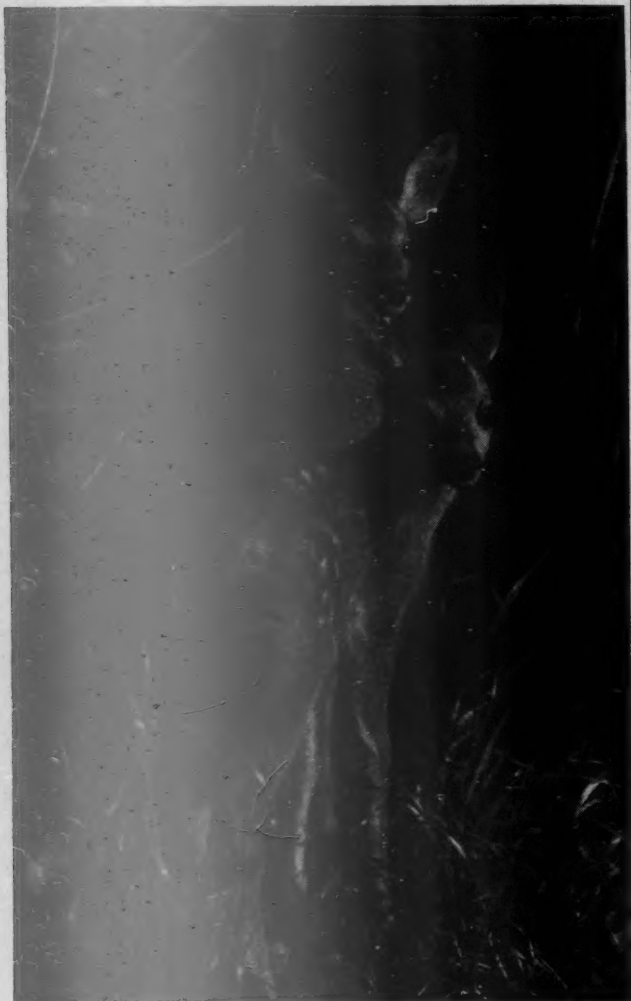
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THE LONDON CHARIVARI



All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



Altona (Saville)—heavy emotional melodrama by Sartre about neurotic Germans. (3/5/61)

The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

The Andersonville Trial (Mermaid) honest play about war trial after the American Civil War. (14/6/61)

The Bad Soldier Smith (Westminster) autobiographical play about one-man rebellion in Normandy, undramatic but very entertaining. (21/6/61)

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)

The Bride Comes Back (Vaudeville)—the Hulberts and Robertson Hare in simple-minded comedy. (7/12/60)

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

Celebration (Duchess) facetious north-country slice-of-life, minus a plot. (14/6/61)

The Devils (Aldwych)—fairly dramatic play about seventeenth-century possession by John Whiting out of Aldous Huxley. (1/3/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (19/4/61)

Hamlet (Strand)—new production from Oxford.

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty, domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

The Kitchen (Royal Court)—new play by Arnold Wesker.

King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa. (8/3/61)

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

The Merchant of Venice (Old Vic)—very honest production with exciting Shylock and Portia. (7/6/61)

The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—disappointing production. (12/4/61)

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The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)

My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)

Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical, from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)

On the Avenue (Globe)—new revue.

On the Brighter Side (Phoenix)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter. (19/4/61)

Ondine (Aldwych)—fairy tale by Giraudoux minus some of its poetry. (18/1/61)

One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)

Progress to the Park (Saville)—slice-of-life about religious bigotry in Liverpool. (10/5/61)

The Rehearsal (Queen's)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)

Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashinglly dotty. (31/5/61)

Romeo and Juliet (Old Vic)—verse smothered in Italianate production. (12/10/60)

Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)

Simple Spymen (Whitehall)—popular lowbrow farce.

The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)

The Tenth Man (Comedy)—funny and touching drama in New York synagogue. (26/4/61)

Twelfth Night (Old Vic)—patchy but interesting production. (26/4/61)

Watch It Sailor! (Apollo)—pierhead farce surprisingly well acted. (2/3/60)

The World of Suzie Wong (Prince of Wales)—kitchen-drawer novelette with glamour built-in. (25/11/59)

Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

You Prove It (St. Martin's)—new comedy.

REP SELECTION

Library, Manchester, **Summer of the Seventeenth Doll**, until July 8.

Bromley Rep, **Candida**, until July 1.

Oldham Rep, **Two for the See-Saw**, until July 1.

Marlowe, Canterbury, **1066 And All That**, until July 1.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

The Absent-Minded Professor (Studio One)—Enjoyable, amusing Disney, with Fred MacMurray as the Professor who discovers gravity-resisting "flubber." (21/6/61)

All in a Night's Work (released)—Misunderstanding-comedy: good girl taken for black-mailer. Shirley MacLaine irresistible, but many effects over-emphasized. (24/5/61)

Ballad of a Soldier (Curzon)—Russian: a young soldier's journey home in war-time. Minor but unusually entertaining. (14/6/61)

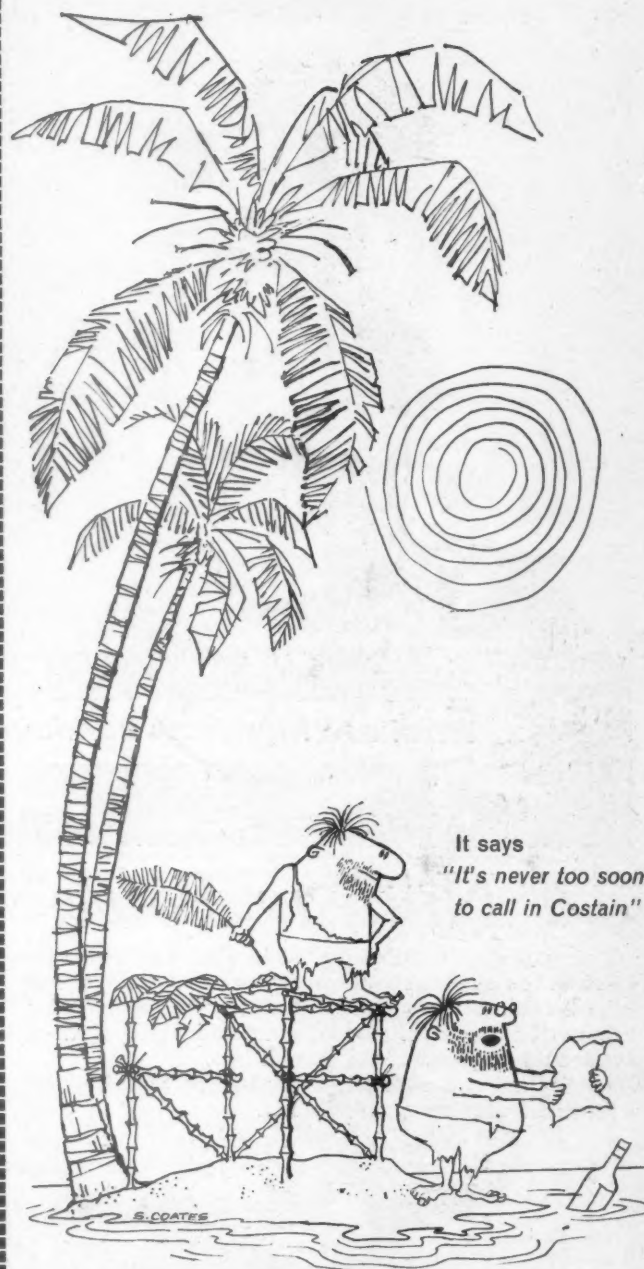
Ben-Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)

Can-Can (Rialto)—Kaleidoscopic period musical; Cole Porter songs, immense vitality, and the irresistible Shirley MacLaine. (30/3/60)

The Colour of Love (International Film Theatre)—Explosive subject (white girl loves Negro) intelligently treated. (1/3/61)

The Crossing of the Rhine (Paris-Pullman)—Two Frenchmen taken prisoner in 1940; the simple one for whom people are more important than ideas is the happier at the end.

CONTINUED ON PAGE XIII



It says
"It's never too soon
to call in Costain"

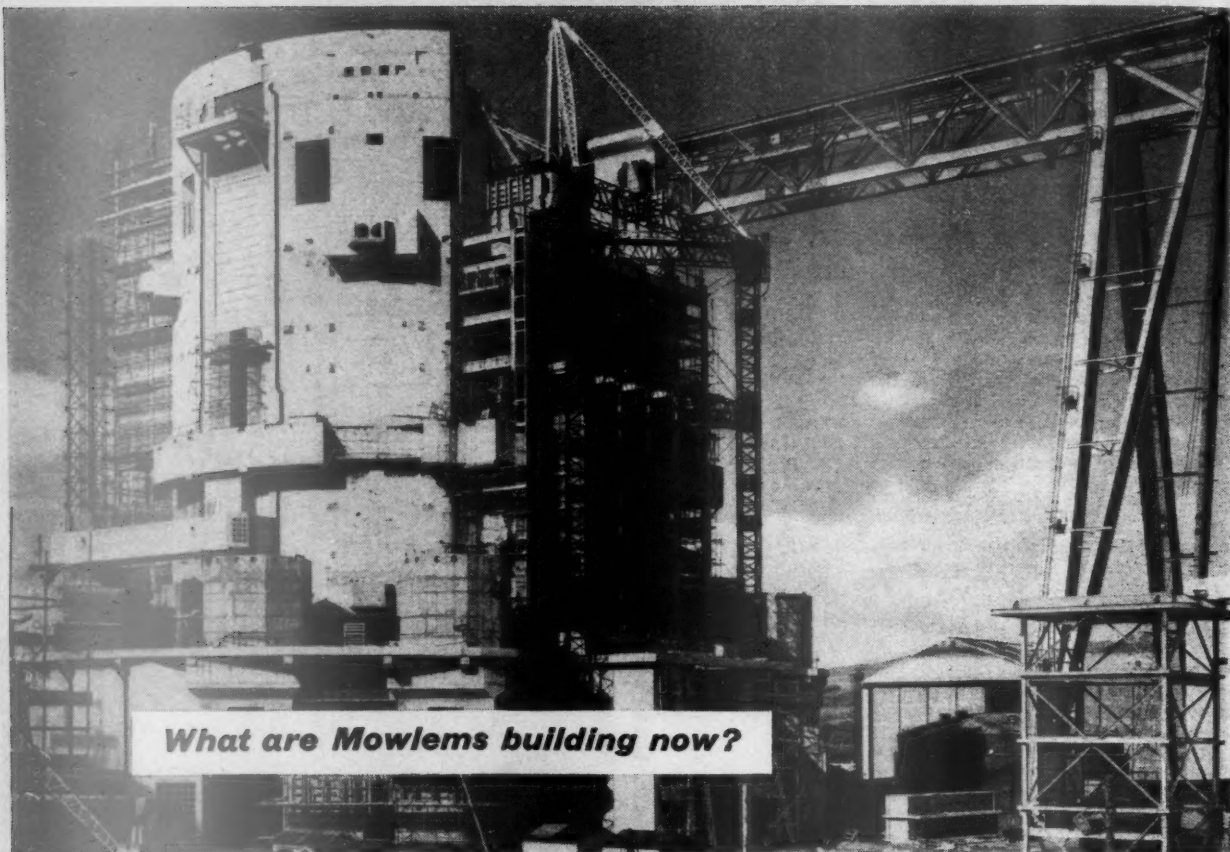
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What are Mowlems building now?

A Nuclear Power Station in Scotland

Two years ago the site of the South of Scotland Electricity Board's Nuclear Power Station at Hunterston, Ayrshire, looked like the headquarters of some vast military operation. Today the new building, with its two huge reactors, is already blending into the background of the Scottish hills.

Building and civil engineering work is being carried out by Mowlems. Mowlem (Scotland) Ltd. are working in close

co-operation with the GEC—Simon-Carves Atomic Energy Group who have overall responsibility for constructing the new station.

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It adds up to:
 'the more you know
 about Scotch, the
 more you like
 Ballantine's'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE XI

La Dolce Vita (Berkeley)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level as seen by a gossip-writer. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. (21/12/60)

Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

Gone With the Wind (Coliseum)—Back again after twenty-one years, and still effective.

The Guns of Navarone (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

Indiscreet (Warner)—Reissue of the very stagy comedy with Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant. (27/8/58)

The Misfits (London Pavilion)—Arthur Miller's screenplay about the sensitive girl, the casual Westerners and the wild horses. Good. (14/6/61)

One-Eyed Jacks (Plaza)—Reviewed this week.

Plein Soleil (Cameo-Poly)—Very glossy French murder-and-nemesis piece in colour, from Patricia Highsmith's *The Talented Mr. Ripley*: oddly effective.

Return to Peyton Place (released)—Sequel, with different players. Equally glossy and commercial, less sensational, more entertaining. (7/6/61)

Ring of Fire (Ritz)—Reviewed this week.

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinematic in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

St. Tropez Blues (Cameo-Royal)—French youngsters on holiday. School of *Les Tricheurs*, emphasized with colour and jazz.

Spartacus (Metropole)—Spectacular "epic" with Kirk Douglas as a gladiator; blood, violence and colour in the arena.

Two Rode Together (New Victoria)—Reviewed this week.

The Virgin Spring (Curzon)—13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic. (14/6/61)

SHOPS

The summer sale take-over will shortly be in full force. **Heal's**, an early starter on June 28, will have reductions in bedroom, dining and children's furniture, carpets, English and Continental tableware and glass, electrical appliances and exclusive fabrics. One week only. From June 29 to July 8 **Maples** offer much reduced furniture, including suites, bookcases and cabinets, as well as fabrics and carpets. **Waring & Gillow's** sale starts June 29, lasts three weeks. Various fabrics in contemporary designs, broadloom Axminster, and number of bedroom and three-piece suites. At **Peter Jones**, from July 3 for two weeks, the accent will be on carpets, china and glass.

From July 1 to 15 **Liberty's**, including branches at Croydon, Kingston and Manchester, will have a large variety of fabrics reduced. Also Lanvin and Cardin model dresses, wedding dresses, Liberty printed separates and scarves and Continental rainwear. For men there are sports jackets, three-piece suits, cashmere and wool knitwear. **Hector Powe's** Summer Savings Offer is on now, ends July 31, and features two- and three-piece suits, overcoats, dinner jackets. **Simpson's** Women's Department, from July 3 for one week, concentrates on various knitwear, summer coats, suits, dresses and assorted beachwear

CONTINUED ON PAGE XVI



I SUPPOSE we all try to imagine what our favourite writers are like. The other week *The Observer* gave us a postage-stamp size portrait of Miss Katharine Whitehorn. The photographer was poised slightly above her head. It looked like a well-groomed chrysanthemum, though I can't see any resemblance between that rather farouche flower and the clear-headed, intensely practical wit that flows weekly from Miss Whitehorn's pen as *Fashion Editor*. If I were a buyer in a big store I daresay I'd be terrified of her criticism—if I weren't busying myself with taking her advice and rushing off to put it into action.

An example of the cool Whitehorn technique came recently when she put the ordinary clear-headed women's point of view about the mad rush every season to 'promote' a fashion colour. "What she is interested in promoting, after all, is herself." Razzle-dazzle wilts before this steely glint of truth.

...and men are glad of it

The whole of the women's section of *The Observer* is rather out-of-the-ordinary, though. Probably more men read it than any other women's pages, for a start. And where else would you find a series blatantly called "Miserable Married Women"? Or a quiet little article called "Teens and Sex" to which many other papers would have given the full ballyhoo. Anyone accustomed to burrowing into snug, smug women's sections is likely to be shaken into doing a bit of thinking.

I can imagine one of those old-fashioned advertisements, headed, "I used to suffer from Sunday Morning Torpor—then I discovered *The Observer* . . .". It's not only the wit and the good writing and the stimulus—there's a special sort of *humanity* that has something to do with it. It shows in the photographs *The Observer* publishes. They make most other news photographs look as though models were used.

And then I think of Jennings, and Feiffer, and Haro, and Whitehorn, and Gardner, I realise that there are more things in *The Observer* to make me laugh, and think, than practically anywhere else I can recall. Roll on Sunday! J.B.L.

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PUNCH

Vol. CCXL No. 6302
June 28 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



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*For overseas rates see page 994.

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Charivaria

IT seems that the Government is worried about how the public will react when they are told that German troops training in England are to have the same freedom as American troops to deal with certain disciplinary matters themselves instead of leaving them to the normal process of the law. I can suggest a simple way out. Instead of sending a British brigade to train in Portugal and having German troops to train here, why not send the Germans to Portugal and keep the British at home? It might be bad from the training point of view, but at least it would mollify the critics.

Yarook! You Cads

IN a bookshop I shied a little on seeing the title *Billy Bunter At Butlin's*. Unreasonable of me, of course. The mere fact that a fellow has been in the Remove for fifty-odd years should



not cut him off from the march of civilization. In former days a popular boys' idol would be killed off after twenty years or so and replaced by his son, or by a Mark II model (there were three Jack Harkaways). Has Mr. Frank Richards ever thought of giving us the Son of Billy Bunter? If that did not cause a stir in the headlines, I do not know what would.

On the Spot

"IT has been a fabulous start," said a minicab supervisor after the first day's operating in London. I bet



it was, too; as far as I can see, they were all busy the entire day carrying reporters from the daily newspapers.

Jack's the Boy

IF the plan to jack up the temples of Abu Simbel above the waters of the Aswan High Dam—300,000 tons of rock and temple are to be raised two hundred feet—is a success, there may be salvation in sight for other historic buildings threatened with submergence. Oxford, for instance. Raising the colleges only as much as fifty feet would clear a splendid lot of space underneath for new roads. Vehicles could park between the jacks. Best of all, the old enchanting view of tower and spire would once again greet the approaching pilgrim—and the phrase "Going up to Oxford" would gain a less arrogant precision.

Nice Wide Smile, Please

BETWEEN ten and fifteen million people in this country wear false teeth, the British Dental Association have been told in convention in Harrogate, but the prospect of false lips seems remote. Dr. D. Jackson, of



"He doesn't look ill to me, he looks as though he's come out in sympathy."

the Dental School and Hospital at Leeds University tells us that lips aren't quite the indexes to personality that poets have suggested. Even the term *stiff upper lip* seemed suspect. "It is interesting, if unromantic," he observed, "to find that the distribution of lip patterns in females is identical to that found in males." Dentists could do a lot about repositioning teeth, he said, but little, if anything, could be done to alter the position of the lips. Dr. Jackson and his colleagues may be consoled to hear that most romantics, male and female, find present lip patterns quite satisfactory and won't mind if they're left just as they are.

The Golden Boys

THE five hundred and fifty-two members of the Yale class of 1936 have an average income of £17,900, a figure which by coincidence represents the average value of their houses; and their savings total £30,560,000. Now that our public schools are again threatened, why can't they produce some similar testimony to the value of an exclusive education? Surely old Etonians and Harrovians are not going to be shy about entering their incomes and building society payments on a *pro forma*, if it will help the *alma mater*? One realizes that the average income may conceivably be less than that of the Yale men, and might even be so low as to call for a public subscription; but let's risk it.

A Holiday Must

I HAVE always been fascinated by what people wear off duty but never more so than when above a window display consisting entirely of assorted grey knickers I read this notice—SHOP LOCALLY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY NEEDS.

Motley Vouchers for Jesters

DANGER money and dirty money we know, but a new strike motive was introduced by the dockers who stopped work because they were not issued with duffel coats for unloading refrigerated meat. Soup-resisting evening dress for waiters, dog-proof trousers for postmen and sweat-absorbing shirts for harvesters seem likely future targets for the sartorially under-privileged. Most taxi drivers fit their own impregnably sealed small-change pockets to ordinary suits, but in a genuine welfare state the uniform for the job should be laid on, not excluding mail coats for referees.

Never Had It So Good

IF I have it right, the cause that has inspired the members of the American Republican Army—both of them—to armed revolt against the



"Don't scoff. At the rate you're going, how many papers do you reckon you'll be left with in your country?"

United States government is that they are "against privately-owned American utility companies." They have advanced this cause so far by blowing up three communication-towers, whatever they may be. I can only suggest that the most suitable punishment for them is to spend a month in England, travelling on the railways, dialling 100 at night, trying to buy and to burn coal, and so on. After a little experience of publicly-owned utilities I believe they will volunteer to rebuild the communication-towers with their own hands.

Curtain Lecture

WHEN Parliament was debating the propriety of strip-tease clubs, Mr. Cordle declared that the wind of change in our affluent society had brought a gust of lust which this country had never seen before. The wind of change, as I remember, originally blew across Africa. Did he mean that now we were losing our age-old belief in the inferiority of coloured people and other foreigners our civilization had lost all sense of purpose and was comforting itself with aimless debaucheries? Anthropologists might agree that this was possible. Or did he just think he had found a nice turn of cliché? Clichés, rather.

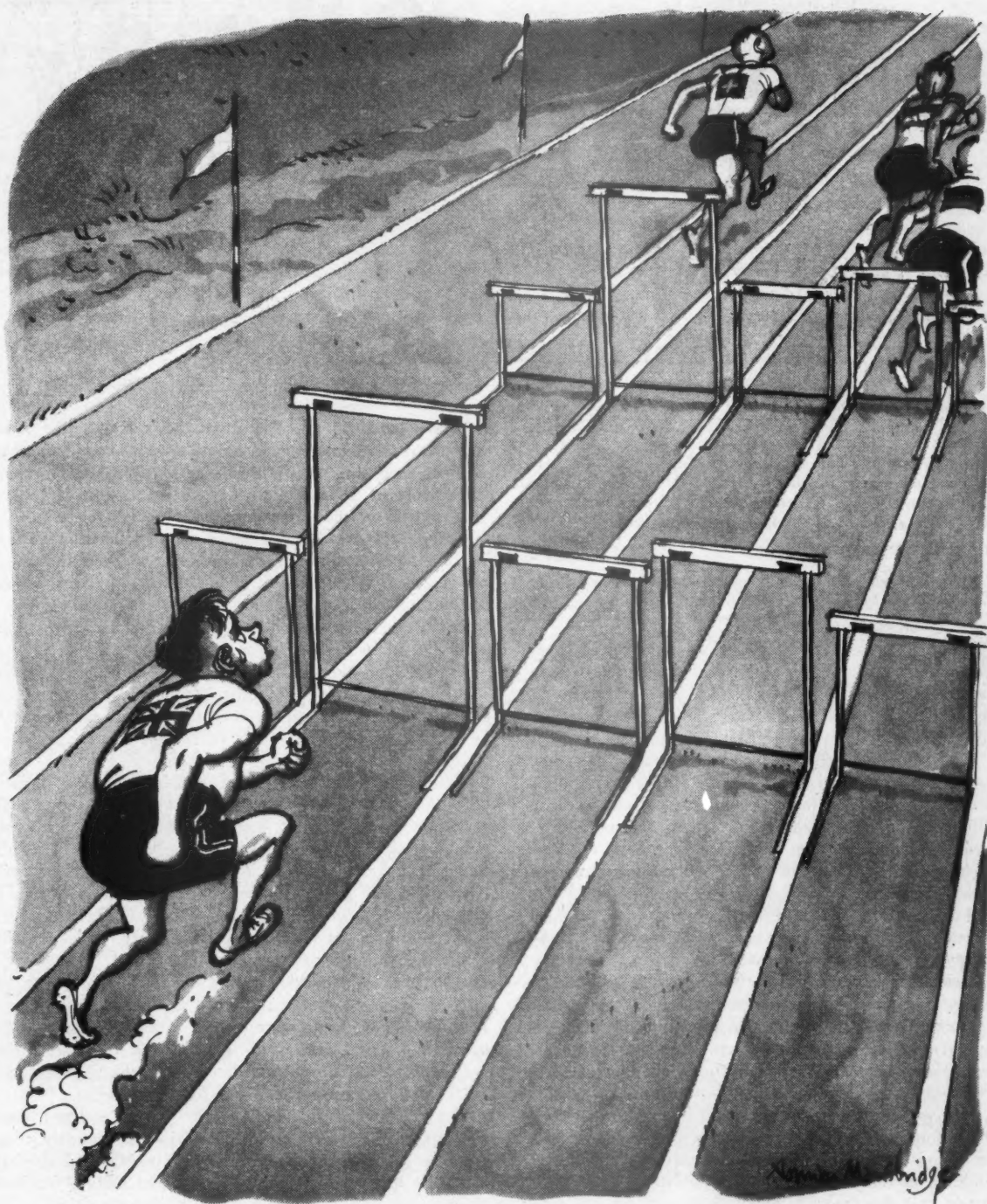
He'd Rather Clean Windows

THERE was a time, not so very long ago, when people in this country used to complain about waiting in queues, but it seems that there has been (if I may use a scientific expression) an important break-through in our national attitude to shuffling slowly forward in file. Reporting the large crowds that were visiting Beryldene, the home of the late George Formby, the *Evening Standard* said: "The queues attracted many holidaymakers." That sentence would have given George, no queuer he, a good, big, toothy chuckle.

Mr. Punch's Advice

THE young couple who complained to the Bishop of Oxford that the rector of their village church was "discouraging" when they asked him to marry them obviously didn't realize that one of the first duties of a clergyman is to tell the truth—even about matrimony.

—MR. PUNCH



EXPORT HANDICAP

Between 1953 and 1960 export prices in Britain rose by ten per cent, in Germany by two per cent; in the Netherlands they fell by one per cent and in Switzerland by four per cent.

Continuing the debate between the hard
Northerners and soft Southerners

versus NORTH SOUTH



Social Affairs

STEPHEN POTTER replies for the South

STEPHEN POTTER began as secretary to Henry Arthur Jones and was lecturer in English Literature at London University before joining BBC. Books include "The Young Man," "Gamesmanship" and its sequels. Among his clubs is the Edinburgh Croquet.

LET me speak straight out—for in a controversial series such as this, it is better to begin with a brief, bold statement of opinion.

I have no doubt whatever that, in certain circumstances, there are areas in the North in which the man who by nature is not truly gregarious may find himself momentarily less welcome than he would in similar circumstances, supposing for the sake of argument these can be reproduced, in the South.

I admit that such courageous generalizations are usually cancelled by the number of exceptions. And if we could have tables of natural friendliness, a genial-ogical map of Britain in different colours or shading according to the mean British degree of not quite turning the back on the timid entry of a total stranger in the bar full of locals, there would be some surprising results.

In Edinburgh the geniality tinge is deeper in clubs than it is in pubs. In Glasgow vice versa. The variable of general tendency to warm-hearted approach and natural good manners stands steadfast at warm in the North-West Highlands and probably lowest on the approaches to London Airport. If any Southerner has the impression that Manchester is glum to strangers let him live there for ten minutes or ten months, as I did in 1940, to find my preconception toppled by the first bus conductress who called me "luv" and the sight of the first waitress ever to look at me as if I were a human being. The Londoner is not naturally prejudiced against the North; but standing between him and his Northern host or guest is a stiff rank of dummies or masks—the Northern Types of literature and the stage. Phony Northern accents, comic uncouthness, remorseless *Skin Game* figures in plays about businessmen, the phony-goodheartedness of the Yorkshire-accent radio star in the commercial, jokes about rain at Old Trafford and the dourness of Durham, apocryphal stories about J. B. Priestley, factory belt statistics, stand obstructively

between ourselves and the true individuality, the native warmth, the variousness, greater than our own, of this hard core of England. And this image of the North is more difficult for us to break down than their image of us, because it is we who are the stay-at-homes.

From a distance, London seems more glamorous than it is: result disappointment. From a distance and not knowing it, we think of Manchester as all urban surroundings without London's historic and beautiful heart. Because we have a therm or two more sunlight, we imagine that Lancastrians are made grim and stricken by lack of ultra-violet.

I should not find it difficult, if I were a Northerner, to find reasons for running down Southern social life. Take London. It must seem so vast, amorphous, ambiguous. It appears to be surrounded by barrack after barrack of featureless suburb which sits and grows stale in its own juice like a plate of cold porridge. In Manchester or St. Helens, by comparison, everybody knows everybody. More chance of seeing people you know in pubs, clubs, hotels. Above all the North is in touch—is close to the real work of the country, can see the smoke stacks outside its back windows, knows the look of a miner, has had a hand in the drafting or interpretations of regulations to diminish accidents in factories, sees real workers, knows real workers, does real work. It is possible to live in London for fifty years without seeing anyone sole a shoe, bake a loaf, or clock in at a factory. Commuting has made the Home Counties the home and headquarters of our Two Worlds Separate community. Even the barrow-boys are chivvied off corners where a bank clerk might see them; and dirty-handed Covent Garden is to be forcibly removed to the much more suitable area of Liverpool Street.

This is England's Sad Valley—the division between blood brothers, a gap which grows ever wider as country communities and country estates, country sports and country pubs, the nearest approach to democratic mixing we have achieved, get sucked, North and South, into the cities.

Still, to defend the South, this division by commutership is growing in the North as well. The opening of the Mersey tunnel is a Londonizing of Liverpool. But there is no use excusing the bad: let us suggest a little social good, in the South.

JUL 17 1961

The general physical scene is more friendly. There is that touch more flash in the sun: and there is the look of the buildings. Jurassic, whether it is Purbeck or Cotswold or Portland, is a friendlier stone, and breaks the social ice more quickly than granite or slate or the coldly hectic Northern red. Then the very size of London lifts it from the anonymity of the vast city to the sharply personalized individualities of the smallish State. London is a country. True it takes a lifetime to know the difference between Hampstead and Hampstead Garden Suburb, the village atmosphere of Chiswick by the River and the town atmosphere of Chiswick by the High Road, the history-softened lines of Clapham Common and its opposite Wandsworth Common, the bordering shores of which are always in a state of social flux and ferment. Only a Londoner can estimate instantly the difference between Cockfosters South and Cockfosters on its greener, more easterly marches.

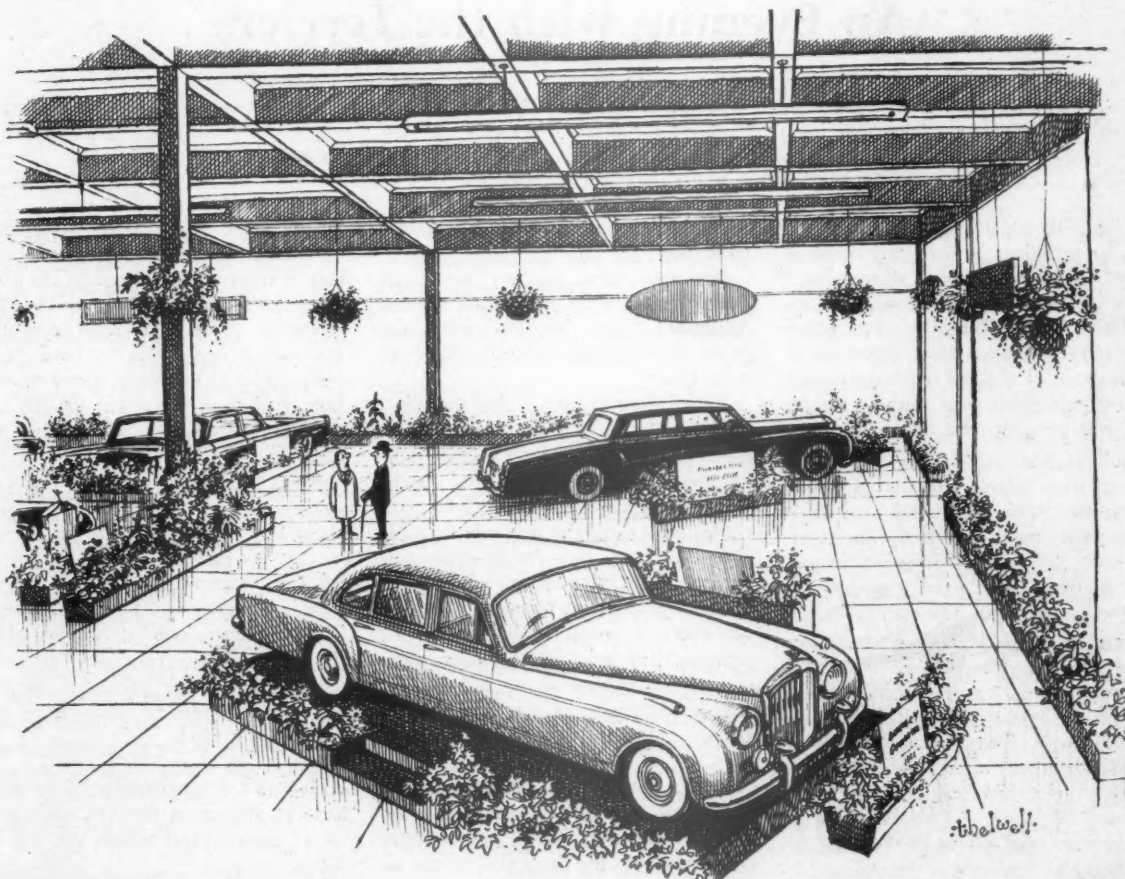
London, in fact, is a State in itself, with a network of reciprocal hospitality which is difficult to match as a mechanism for making friends with a multitude of contrasted people and places. We are sarcastic about suburbs. Places like Surbiton and Ealing have been made fun of since Goldsmith's time as a fringe life, where the small householders "breathe clouds of

dust and call them country air." But the real Southerner has a great love and loyalty to such (and for sometimes wistfully pretentious) places. "Working style," we say: but we really rather like it. An ardent young member of the Browning Society once remarked to his great hero, deferentially, that he expected Mr. Browning's thoughts were far away, in a pass in the wind-grieved Apennines, and that there was no romance anywhere, now, except in Italy.

"Ah, well," said Browning, "I should like to include poor old Camberwell."

True, it is not the Londoner's habit to get to know people who live in the same street as himself: but the curiosity to explore the inhabitants of the next street but one is inexhaustible.

This is where the London pub comes. The best pubs, like the Kent and Sussex pubs and the Herts and Bucks pubs, are crucially different from the pubs of tough-land. They are not reinforced with a strong and solid maleness; on the contrary they are relaxed and intermittent: and they accept ladies on equal terms. The Northerner may turn up his nose at this—but it does give a grace to Southern pub life, and improves its looks and amenities. The Rotherhithe pubs, the Hampstead pond pub, the Black Lion pub, the crest of Camden Hill pubs, are all separate worlds of



"I'm sorry, sir. I'm only the gardener."

amicability, and exchange visits can be arranged with admirable results. The true local man, the true Chiswick Villager, for instance, has no special urge to be "in the country on Sundays." And he doesn't in the least mind being in London in August.

London is good at the informal social; and it would not be fair to leave out its informal touch with the stricter occasions as well. I have grown to enjoy a few of the Southern dress occasions, whenever I can fiddle a ticket for them. Southerners feel much less self-conscious than Northerners in their best clothes. Henley Week is a unique social experience—or is there a counterpart in the North? Ascot is supra-regional: but is there as worthy a frame for such a scene, and for such first-class racing, in the North? The truly great golf courses are mostly upwards of Birmingham: the setting of true golf demands a certain dignity and relentlessness, with even a touch of cruelty. But for the essential vagueness, the sleepy inconsequence of cricket watching, is not Lord's unreproducible in any other county? More diffidently, I suggest that if the setting to the things we do together is important, the

setting in time is important too. Historical association is a great purveyor of confidence. And places like Lord's and the Oval, famous London clubs and famous London walks exhale a geniality of their own of a kind which Manchester cannot possess. The ghosts are friendly and are with us, admiring our taste and enhancing our sense of occasion.

The North might say these recommendations were "soft": to which I could reply that we in the South have a different conception of manliness. In the North the successful man of business is the true hero and the acknowledged master. Not here. Resilience makes a better foundation for friendship and even a better basis for life, than toughness. For this argument that must be my epitaph—a form of writing in which, as our great Southern Doctor says, no man is on his oath.

Further contributors:

NEVILLE CARDUS AIDAN CRAWLEY

An Evening with the Terriers

By B. A. YOUNG

Counter-Intelligence Units are now to be formed in the Territorial Army

GOOD evening, gentlemen, let me introduce myself—my name is Burgess, Sergeant Burgess, and when you speak to me you don't say "Mate" or "Charlie," you stand properly at attention and address me as X13, got it? I shall be in charge of you lot till you finish your initial training, and it'll be easier for all of us if we

decide we're going to get on together, *nicht wahr?*

Put your hand up any man who doesn't know what *nicht wahr* means. All know? Good. We don't want men in this unit that aren't handy with their languages.

Now I dare say you'll find this lot a bit different from what you've been used to, so we'll start off on the right foot, with a clean dossier as we say in the Intelligence. First thing, when you come here I want you properly dressed. You can keep your battle-dress and anklets, web, for your girl-friends outside. When you come to HQ here you come in proper Montague Burton uniform, *with* your dark glasses. Any man not in possession of dark glasses can draw them from the QM's stores after.

Right, then, what we're going on with this evening is recognition of aliens. First thing you've got to know is the names of the parts of an alien, so pay attention to this chart here.

This is an alien, European, Mark II,

which is the type you are most likely to encounter. This part here at the top, this is known as the head of the alien. This narrow part underneath the head is known as the neck, head, retaining. Its function is to retain the head on the body. This is the body, this long part here, and these are called the left and right arms, and these are the left and right legs. All clear so far?

Now, you'll see there are two projections, one on each side of the head, about half way up. These are known as the ears, external. This one is the left ear, external, and this one is the right ear, external. Their function is for listening to secret information which is talked about carelessly by civil servants and other personnel in possession of classified material. Any questions on that?

Here is a demonstration kit correctly laid out, and from now on when your kit is inspected this is how you will lay it out.

Your wireless transceiver goes at the bottom, and the aerial goes at the side





here coiled into twenty-four coils, in this manner, so. On top of that go, on the left-hand side, your cipher manual and your maps, folded in this manner, so, with the folds facing outwards; and on the right-hand side your kaleidoscope, child's, toy, which has been adapted for the reading of microdots. Next comes your lighter, cigarette, table, Wedgwood, which opens here in this manner to contain your tables of frequencies and times of opening and closing communication, and if I find any man using this compartment for the storage of razor-blades, liquorice allsorts or other non-Service articles he'll be on a charge right away. Finally come your tin, powder, talcum, which is adapted to hold spare microdot messages in this compartment here, and your tube, cream, shaving, in which you carry two capsules, cyanide which may only be used in an emergency, on receipt of written authority by a field officer.

What we're going on with now is the apprehend, and I shall first of all give

you the detail by numbers. The word of command is on the left, or on the right, apprehe-e-e-end AGENT! Why do you think it's on the left or on the right? That's correct, it depends which side the agent is standing when you apprehend him.

On the command apprehending agent by numbers, ONE! you take a half-turn to the left (or right, as the case may be) at the same time extending the left (or right) arm forward level with the shoulder in this manner, so, the fingers fully extended, the palm towards the ground. All got it? Right, let's try that.

Just gather round me a moment before we dismiss. The CO has asked me to say that you're very welcome here in No. 69 Counter-Intelligence Company, and he is sure that if we all pull our weight we shall unmask a record number of enemy agents during the current training season.

Another thing is, we don't spend all our time on parade here. There's a

canteen upstairs where you can get used to drinking vodka, slivovitz, wine and other foreign drinks that you may have to consume in order to get into conversation with agents. Only don't get upset if somebody slips some dope into your glass. It will only be part of the training going on. The CO is particularly keen on introducing as much realism as possible into the training.

As it is undesirable for you to associate together too much outside, we aren't able to run any sports teams of the normal kind, but we hope to enter for the Kroger Cup, which is competed for by units of the Command for solving cryptograms.

Finally, the CO has asked me to say that he is sorry he can't be here to meet you himself, but of course his identity has to remain secret. When it is necessary for you to refer to him you will refer to him as "M." Right, gentlemen, that will be all for this evening. Properly at ease everywhere. Come on, try not to look like soldiers! Cell, 'shun! Dismiss!



"Festina lente! Sursum corda! Nil desperandum!"



GCE

By
J. W. TAYLOR



"How many times have I told you to read the question twice?"



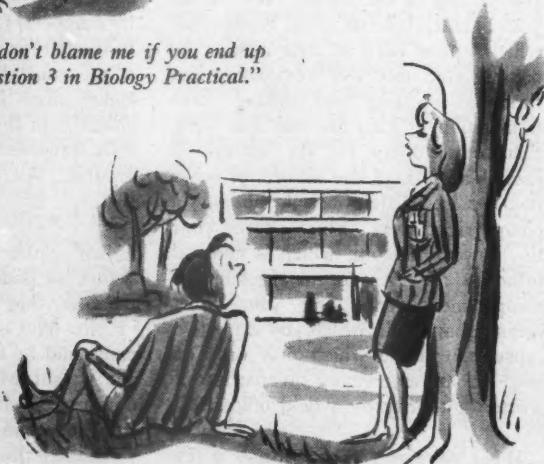
*"Je m'appelle Monica.
J'ai seize ans et je suis trente-six,
vingt-deux, trente-quatre."*



*"And don't blame me if you end up
as question 3 in Biology Practical."*



"Well, somebody's got to open it."



"Ah well, one can always make a career of marriage."

Father's Aegrotat

By H. F. ELLIS

THE Final Honours Schools results pour out day by day, affording a nice change of pasture for those of riper years who sometimes weary of scanning the Births, Marriages and Deaths for a bit of breakfastable gossip. "Can this be Harry's son, do you think, dear? Cheltenham and Jesus, with a Third in History? *She* will have to put a brave face on it, after all that talk." There are points of interest even for those who can discover no known name to be a little acid about. How have the older schools fared as against the newer or less well known? What of the sex war? And the Colleges—has BNC, whose one-time sporting laurels seem so astonishingly to have passed to St. Edmund Hall and St. Peter's, emerged as a hothouse of intellectuals?

What, again, as the eye travels down and down the long list, of those few, those unhappy few, who are "Declared to Have Deserved the Ordinary BA Degree" in Economics or Geography? Are these the sole representatives of that once mighty contingent of BAs (Ord) who never dreamed of aiming at Hons. when they were undergraduates and are now MPs or leaders of industry? And then, for a further thought, how does a Cambridge man who has been placed in Class 2, Division 2, of Group 1 of the Archaeological and Anthropological Tripos, Part 2, make the precise nature of his achievement clear to the kind of aunt who says "I hear you have passed your examination, dear. Well done!"? He will never, for a start, rid her mind of the impression that a Tripos must be threefold and that his failure to stay up at the University for Part 3 will be a great disappointment to his parents.*

Such are the random musings of the uncommitted reader as he runs a casual eye over the Schools results. His interest is mild rather than intense—about the same in degree, perhaps, as that with which reports from Bisley are read by a man who has not shot, except in anger, since his school came eighty-ninth in the Ashburton Shield.

It is pleasant to know, in a way, that the quaint old business still goes on.

There is, however, a small and dedicated band to whom this seasonal reading is anything but a mild diversion, who cannot see the heading "Oxford Class Lists" or "Cambridge Tripos Results" without a dangerous quickening of the pulse-rate and a dizzying release of adrenalin. Every published list, even results so remote it may be from the subject of their special interest as the Final Honours School of Agriculture or the Theological Tripos Part 1A, is a stabbing reminder that the one result that matters, the culmination of three years of intense mental strain, of self-discipline and self-denial, will soon be known. I refer, of course, not to the current year's candidates, upon whom far too much sympathy is thrown away, but to their parents.

I am told that those whose children are due to sit for the Eleven-plus or will soon, as now, plunge into the hurly-burly of the GCE endure considerable agonies until the results are known, or sometimes longer, and this I am willing to believe. But it is the Degree that subjects parents to stresses almost beyond what body and mind can with safety bear. If the figures for breakdowns among third-year fathers were widely known there would be a public outcry against the whole system of University education.

The reasons for the distinction are manifest. There is nothing much that Eleven-Plus or GCE parents can do to help; or, at least, if there is anything they can do, they can do it. If, that is to say, the father still has some intimations of Latin or Algebra trailing about him, he may usefully pass them on. If he has not, that is the end of it. The Degree parent has no hope whatever of assisting his child academically; a single glance at the textbooks brought home in the first year convinces him of that. But he remains invincibly determined that he can help practically. He knows the secret of success in examinations. It is the problem of communi-

cating that secret that leads to the high incidence of pre-Schools overstrain in the early fifties.

The secret of success in examinations can be stated in the form of a syllogism.

The mind cannot do justice to itself in an examination unless it is fresh, eager and uncluttered by a mass of trivial detail;

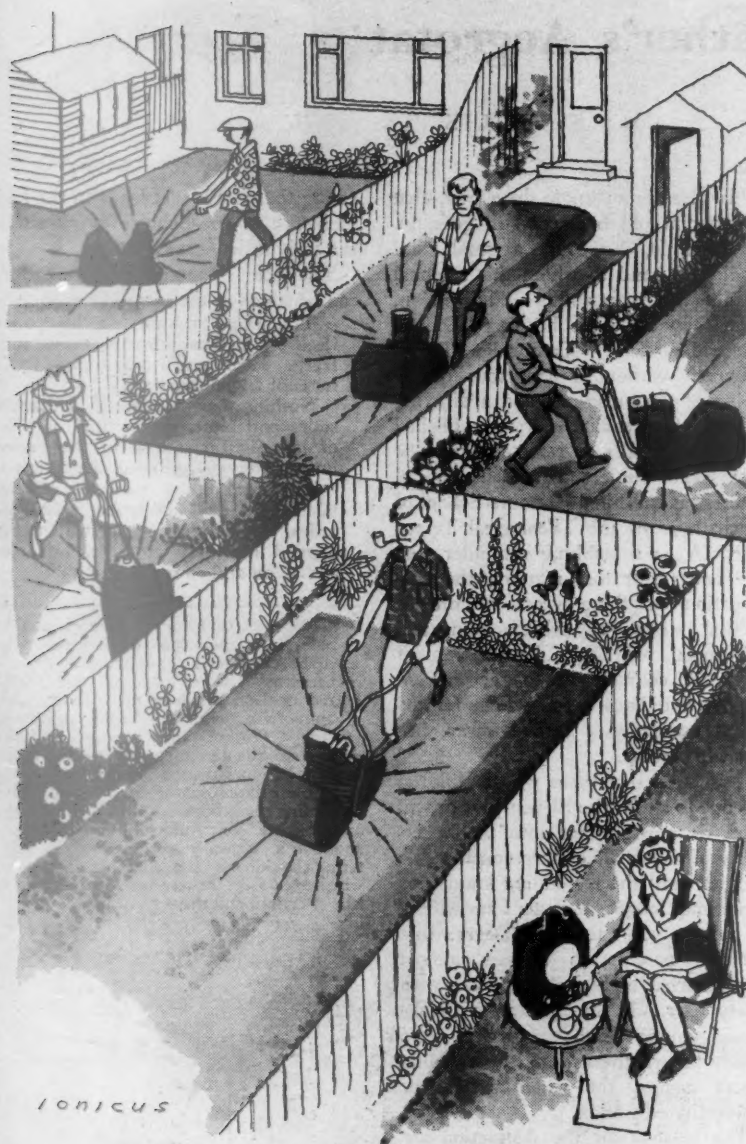
Nothing so inevitably exhausts, stales and clutters the mind as a lot of late-night swotting in the period immediately preceding an examination;

Therefore it is madness not to take a few days off before facing an ordeal upon the results of which may depend not only etc. etc. but also and so on and so forth.

***Tripos.** A bachelor of arts appointed to dispute, in a humorous or satirical style, with the candidates for degrees at "Commencement": so called from the three-legged stool on which he sat. Hence, a set of humorous verses, originally composed by the "Tripos" who etc. etc. Later applied to the list of candidates qualified for the honours degree in mathematics, at one time printed on the back of the paper containing these verses. In current usage extended etc. etc. Aunts still in a quandary about this typically confused Cambridge term should see the Oxford dictionary, which clears the matter up with characteristic precision and mastery.



"For retrieving balls during a rally, ma'am."



"If you're listening out of doors please keep your set tuned as low as possible . . ."

This may not be a syllogism according to the strict definitions of formal logic, but it is what the Degree parent wants to say. The fact that he himself was unable to take a few days off before his own Finals is neither here nor there. There were special circumstances in that case. Anyhow, what is past is past; and who can doubt that one sees more clearly as the years roll by? The whole body of mature judg-

ment favours the pre-examination break. The only problem is just how and when to convince the Degree child of the vital necessity of this simple step.

"I don't want to interfere but . . ."

Thousands of fathers and mothers try over the opening phrase to themselves as spring slowly ripens into summer. It fails to convince even them. They do want to interfere. The strain

of not interfering over the past three years, whether to counsel more work or less, has brought them to the verge of an outright breakdown. And now surely is the time, with so much at stake, when a word of parental advice is not merely excusable but a duty that must not be shirked? No matter how vividly the thought of giving it conjures up before the mind's eye that polite, unbudging look of the adult young when about to be advised. There is a time to speak as well as a time to be silent.

What about wrapping it up, so that it doesn't sound like advice at all? Take the thing for granted. One could write "Are you thinking of coming home for the short break that I am told . . ." Or, better "Where are you going for your pre-Schools week off? I only ask in case you want your water-skis sent . . ." Nobody could detect interference there. Surely, the dear misguided child, raising its red-rimmed eyes from the effect of transverse vibrations on a uniformly loaded shaft, might be prompted by a letter like that to take a day or two up in the Lakes? Or would it do . . .?

It would not. The only useful thing a Degree parent can do, as the dreadful time draws near, is to consider his own health and get away for a pre-examination week off. The child must do its own weird, which is what it intends to do in any case. Let the overwrought parent hide himself abroad or in the remote Highlands, far from those terribly recurrent Tripos Lists, and try to forget. Then, and then only, is there a chance that he will come back refreshed, a new man, strong enough in mind and body to face the Result.

The Third World Power

In next Wednesday's PUNCH

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

contributes the first of three articles on the **COMMON MARKET**

and its implications.

GRAHAM HUTTON

and

NORMAN SHRAPNEL

will follow

Penalty for Improper Use £5

By E. S. TURNER

THE other day a British traveller on the Nancy-Dijon express pulled the communication cord because his false teeth had fallen on the track. A number of solicitous Frenchmen then walked back with him along the line in search of his property, which is more than any of us would have done for him (or for any Frenchman) on the Charing Cross—Sevenoaks line.

The report did not say whether the traveller was to be prosecuted. In these matters the attitude of the French is unpredictable. In 1867, when the communication cord was still a novelty, a British Member of Parliament told the House of a farce he had seen in a Paris theatre. The scene showed a nervous young lady in a compartment full of gentlemen. Each gentleman in turn made polite advances and each time the young lady sounded the alarm. The guard would then arrive and say: "*Madame, le motif n'était pas suffisant; c'est cinquante francs, s'il vous plaît.*" (This sketch, dirtied up a bit, would still go down well in a West-end revue.)

Is losing one's teeth a sufficient motive for halting an express? Railway annals in Britain tell of an old lady whose teeth fell out while she was calling goodbye from a carriage window. She too stopped the train, but once again we are not told the sequel. Nor do we know what penalty, if any, was imposed on the bridegroom who pulled the chain because his bride was choking on confetti, the man who wished to complain that a passenger was smoking in a non-smoking compartment and the various foreigners who have sounded the alarm in the hope of ordering a drink. It is said that a man who stopped a train for a £10 bet cleared a £5 profit, but it seems likely that he had to pay something in costs.

It would be useful to know, too, what happened in the oft-cited case of Dr. Oliver Gogarty and George Moore, when travelling in a train near Dundalk. Moore is supposed to have said that he would "give pounds" to be able to look at the view a little longer, and Gogarty gratified his wish by sounding

the alarm. A report of the ensuing court proceedings may or may not be found in the files of the *Dundalk Democrat and People's Journal*.

Such records as can be turned up without inconveniencing Dr. Beeching show that a man who stopped a train near Norwood Junction because the lighting in his compartment was poor was fined £5; that a travelling ticket collector who worked off a grudge against his masters by pulling the chain several times on three consecutive days was fined £3, with £5 5s. costs; that a man who stopped the Paddington-Worcester train because the first-class doors were locked and he had to suffer the degradation of third was fined £5 with £5 5s. costs; that a man who halted an Underground train at Golders Green because it was empty and he thought it was being shunted into a

siding for the night was fined £1 with 2s. costs; and that a young actress who pulled the chain because a man (subsequently convicted) was molesting her was fined £1 at Brighton and later won her appeal, being awarded £15 15s. costs. Obviously the courts must judge each case on its merits. A fight in a compartment *might* be a good reason for stopping a train. A blustering Briton who plays havoc with the time-tables will not expect to be treated as lightly as a bemused Bulgarian.

In most sudden stops, one gathers, the emergency is genuine: usually one of illness, accident or molestation. The commonest misuse of the alarm, other than by hooligans or school parties, is when a traveller finds himself on the wrong train or is being carried past his station, or is determined to get off at an unscheduled stop. A



"Disgraceful! Next they'll be wanting their cuffs and elbows in real leather."

traveller who thinks it worth paying £5 simply to save himself time and exasperation may cause hundreds of pounds worth of delay to others. Not long ago a mother was seeing off friends at Paddington when the train began to move, separating her from her baby in the arms of her brother-in-law on the platform. The following day's headline was: MOTHER STOPS 21 TRAINS.

The rail operators of last century were long convinced that the public were not to be trusted with a device for stopping a train, which they would inevitably choose to operate in tunnels. In 1867 Mr. Archibald Scott, of the South-Western, said: "I should no more think of entrusting our suburban

passengers with a means of communication than I should think of flying." Feelingly, he added: "Scarcely a day passes that we have not several of our carriages cut and destroyed; they cut the linings and fittings; they break the glass and destroy the lamps; and every species of mischief is daily perpetrated." The North were as bad as the South; in Yorkshire "they cut the carriages enormously." All of which has a familiar ring.

Long-distance travellers were more responsible, but even they were capable of operating the alarm merely because the carriage was oscillating, or because the driver was going "too fast" or the wind had blown out the roof light. Sir Edward Watkin, the railway promoter,

said that a railway carriage was humanity's safest harbour, but the public saw it as a stage for disaster, murder and indecency. Sometimes carriages caught fire and the occupants, unable to signal, would be carried for miles upon miles with flames licking about them and burning luggage falling on their heads, finally halting in a shell of charred wood. *The Times* was cross about this sort of thing, pointing out that burning alive had been abolished even in India. A feature of the early railways, too, was the ease with which trains could cover long distances with one or two carriages derailed, or with the wheels scything through the floor-boards.

The agitation for an efficient system of communication received a stimulus



"Listen, they're playing our tune."

in 1864 when Thomas Briggs, a banker, was butchered by a German called Muller on the North London Railway, a distressing feature of the crime being that it occurred in a first-class carriage. *The Times* said that of all railway perils, the greatest was now that from fellow passengers. Already, from fear of being shut up with madmen, many travellers had gone back to the post coach. "Highwaymen were bad enough, but they rushed at you from behind a hedge instead of quietly taking their tickets and seating themselves beside you." All prudent rail travellers now narrowly scanned their companions at the start of a journey. A Board of Trade official admitted that ladies were refusing to travel in compartments with unknown gentlemen and gentlemen were refusing to travel with ladies for fear of blackmail.

The companies did not see how an alarm signal could stop a man being felled by a sudden blow. As a gesture, the directors of one line installed windows between compartments, known as "Muller's Lights," but the first-class public decided it would rather be murdered than overlooked and these were soon discontinued. In 1868 Parliament passed an Act requiring all trains travelling more than twenty miles non-stop to have a means of passenger communication. It was felt, apparently, that any lady should be able to defend her honour for twenty miles without requiring to call assistance. On a celebrated occasion in 1875 a young lady who resisted the advances of Colonel Valentine Baker, commanding officer of a fashionable regiment of Hussars, in a train near Woking "went to the bell to warn the guard but found it was broken" (hooligans again?). She then opened the door and stood on the foot board, where her screams were eventually heard by the other passengers. They were fortunate in attracting the attention of the guard before the train had covered more than five miles.

Usually the alarm signal was operated by a rope suspended outside the compartment. A cautious passenger proposing to pull it might say to a fellow traveller: "Have you any objection, sir, to take hold of my leg?" Ladies were at some disadvantage here. The signalling systems were so fiddling and unreliable that sometimes the companies

declined to fit them and stopped their expresses every twenty miles, to comply with the law.

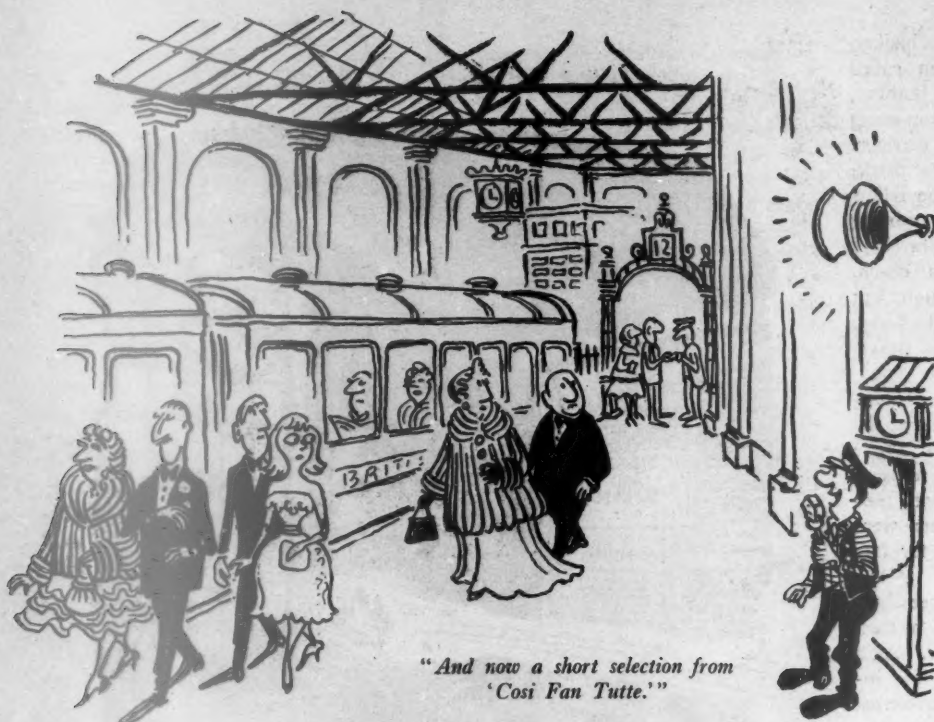
For generation after generation, the agitation for better methods of signalling continued, and Members of Parliament missed no chance to apply the goad. In 1932 a Member who asked why the King's Cross to Hull train did not stop when the chain was pulled was told that the passenger who pulled it had previously intimated his intention of doing so in order to stop the train at an unscheduled halt, and the signal was therefore ignored.

The Times, which had led the clamour, has allowed its Fourth Leader writer, more than once, to drool over the temptation the alarm provides. Many people, he says, have ended

their lives in deep shame because they have never had the chance or the courage to pull the chain. "Is it improper," he once wrote, "to use this contraption for increasing your self-confidence, strengthening your nerves and generally building up your character?" Admittedly, he has something there; but anyone nourishing this intention will probably abandon it if he is reminded that, not so long ago, twenty-four persons were killed when a train ran into the back of another which had been halted by a passenger.

The maximum penalty for stopping a train without reasonable cause has been £5 since 1868. Would any but hooligans and the most dedicated anti-inflationists complain if it were raised to £25?

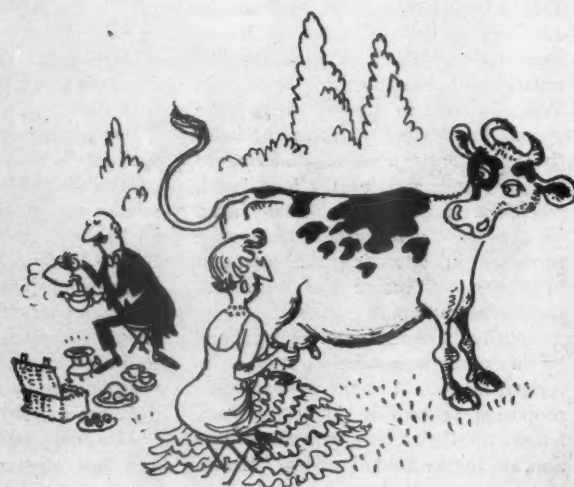




"And now a short selection from
'Cosi Fan Tutte.'"

"If somebody doesn't jump
soon he'll miss the second"

SPROD goes to Glyndebourne



SECOND
ACT
STARTS AT
8-20

"Go fetch 'em, boy."



"I'll have both portions. I'm punishing my husband by letting him sleep through the dinner interval."

"It's no use. We'll just have to tell our friends we saw 'Carmen.'"



"If it's any consolation to you it's not a moat, it's a ha-ha."



TONIGHT
DIE
ENTFÜHRUNG
AUS
DEM SERAIL
(MOZART)

English Institutions that Bit the Dust

By SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

5—Landscape with Castle and Dead Duck

SCRATCH a Londoner (and choose a mild one, since some of the natives these days are hostile what with increased fares and bingo-mad mothers) and find a country squire, chief cowman, lord of the manor or Capability Brown, babbling silently and Mittyly of green fields. We are, of course, all country people at heart, with our roots buried deep in good English loam, or John Innes compost, or the juicy primeval ooze of Little-Ditchwater-under-Wychwood; so deep it's too late to start grubbing around in search of them now. We cherish a national dream of rural England, the place we shall all retire to, the place where all the real people live already. We maintain, as a matter of national honour, that there is still no life like the ploughboy's all in the month of May, and let us not harp on the fact that the radiant lad is driving a two-tone convertible and wrecking his digestion with toxic sprays and liquid fertilizers.

This ardent faith in the beauty and sheer brute strength of English country life was once more than justified. Cities having been, until comparatively recently, odious stews full of roaring boys, coney-catchers, rude orange-wenches and any number of virulent poxes, the sensible thing to do was strike out for the hills and start governing your little piece of the country. The English developed an uninhibited, slightly demented genius for running up prodigious buildings in the middle of nowhere, and as a result the country is still crammed to bursting with crumbling 365-roomed residences, monster gems constructed by obsessional builders like the "proud, furious, selfish and unfeeling" Bess of Hardwick, sequestered treasures with rum names like Hushheath and Owlpen, jumbo country palaces with stewpans the size of paddling-pools and dainty Gothic castles with room for resident unshaven hermit, booked by advertising in the local paper, mewed up in a horrid shell grotto at the bottom of the garden.

English country gentlemen were painted with rural status symbols: in miniature, pointing their toes in a tangle of flossy roses; full length, reclining in the dappled glade with an improving book; in conversation pieces, sitting bolt upright in satin on a well-placed bench surrounded by

children, hunters, and small shaggy dogs with sardonic faces, with a compelling prospect and the family seat in the distant background; and as focal point of still-lives with dead birds, dead fish, dead rabbits and dead stags on which one placed one foot in order to balance the composition. Commissioning someone like Stubbs meant you ran the risk of having the bulk of the canvas taken up by horse, but he generally managed to smuggle in you and your desirable freehold property somewhere in the corner.

Conversation, intrigue, power politics and the real government of England took place during country-house weekends. These got going under Elizabeth Tudor, who formed the habit of dropping in with three hundred carts and eighteen hundred horses; singing water-nymphs then had to be laid on to pop unexpectedly out of bushes, or you might feel obliged to order a posse of workmen from London to dash down and divide the courtyard in two overnight if the Monarch had commented adversely on its proportions. Week-end life was lively, dangerous and full of draughts. By Victoria it was quieter, with tamer musical evenings but no fewer draughts and just as much dead livestock. The Edwardians pepped things up a little with the invention of the all-change bell rung half an hour before early morning tea, and Lady Diana Cooper brought the whole institution to a gracious close with some wartime milking in a picture hat.

The last Englishman to know and appreciate English country life at its grandest, dottiest and best was perhaps Horace Walpole, who, when not touring the stately homes and hugging himself with almost unbearable delight over the pretty chapel at Warwick castle smuggled up with tiny pews, the ancient tapestry at Knowle showing St. Luke holding a urinal, and the adorable dungeon at Hurst Monceaux "that gives one a delightful idea of living in the days of soccage," was investing Strawberry Hill with "an air of enchantment and fairyism" imprinted with the gloomth of abbeys, and tastefully hung with blue and white wallpaper in stripes adorned with festoons. They were a tough lot at the time, fiercely dedicated to the pastoral dream and doggedly prepared to go through with a rural breakfast in the rain in an icy June on Ham Common for the good of the cause.

What has been left behind can be judged by a brief canter through that helpful guidebook that gives the opening times, admission charges and catering facilities in our Historic



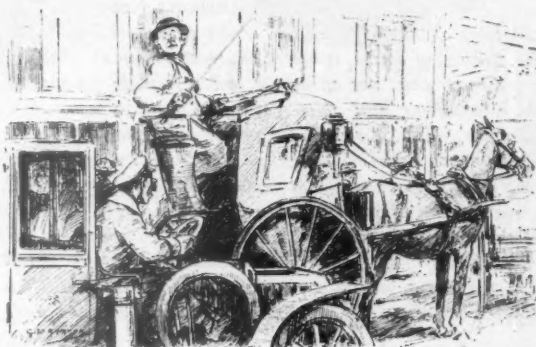
Houses and Castles. Two shillings and sixpence for the fabulous Blue Bed (William III), the flock of Black Sheep and the unique Camellia Café to cater for the refreshment of visitors to a home little changed since the days of Queen Anne. Two shillings and sixpence for a delicate neo-gothic façade in superb setting, high teas by arrangement, visitors attended to personally by the family. One shilling for Byron relics, rare shrubs and teas in stable. Two shillings for Jacobean staircase and home-made teas in sixteenth-century kitchen. I am the last to deplore this trend—any Byron relic, for instance, is something for which I personally have such a mad passion that a rapid on-the-spot intake of little round cakelets and rock buns becomes an immediate necessity. There is no greater privilege than to wander through roped-off rooms where the friends of Sir Philip Sidney all too probably danced Lady Carey's Dompe, Mopsy's Tune and Rank at the Root, where one may now admire historic calf bindings and plaster Scottie doggies of a later date. The point is simply that there's been a shift of emphasis somewhere.

The sham castles are rotting, the little pseudo-Stonehenges have official guides, garden-life no longer has the true touch of frolic dementia, as when three virgins in a pinnace and the pouring rain at Elvetham played a Scottish jog on cornets for Elizabeth I (who was a connoisseur of this sort of item), and you can't keep an au pair girl happy, let alone a hermit, in a grotto more than five miles from the nearest cinema. Unwieldy ancient mansions, mysteriously rooted in the middle of fields, are deftly divided into flats, the Young Master skied into the nursery wing amid an H and G décor that would fit contentedly into Eaton Square or Pelham Crescent, and the inhabitants sharing the use of private chapel and lawn-sprinkler. We know, of course, to the very innermost fibre of our being, that it is better, truer, realler, altogether more English to live in the country and serve tea out of a Georgian silver pot while wearing a gardening apron and three or four skeins of raffia, but somehow the thing seems to be increasingly difficult to achieve.

What poor substitute have the country-fixated English found for the rural dream? The pastoral fantasy, not yet quite dead, has become curiously warped and finds expression in the wild *rus in urbe* outbreak that is even now gaining strength. Those who are worst infected can be found at week-ends counting trees in the City, hiking up Fleet Street to breathe the fresh sweet air blowing off the old plague-pits, exploring Mr. Kingsley Martin's Charing Cross village, and sitting in gaffer attitudes outside the Scarsdale discussing the state of the crops. Bamboo chaise-longues, rustic oak benches and wattle sentry boxes for balconies do something to assuage the hunger, and cold chicken and warm hock picnics along the edge of the A40, in the car park at Glyndebourne and in the tea-break-on-the-Children's-Crusade climate of the Holland Park cricket field all help the English to keep in some sort of touch with tradition and their glorious heritage. Home baking, the sort of cooking that goes on in rough brown earthenware casseroles, simple entertaining with honest peasant soups, hessian tablecloths and milled rock-salt, and weekly meditation at the majestic scrubbed kitchen table in Woollands' basement give a sort of temporary solace. Regional accents have been thickening up ever since Mr. Richard Burton first scrubbed a floor in Fry verse, and it is said that the Queen's Elm is crammed nightly with under-

THEN AS NOW

The minicab war almost exactly parallels the ructions caused by the introduction of the first motor taxis.



Taxi. "WAT'S THE MATTER WIV YOU?"

Hansom. "THERE AIN'T NOTHING THE MATTER WIV ME."

Taxi. "THEN WHY DID YOU GIVE ME SUCH A NASTY LOOK?"

Hansom. "I DIDN'T GIV IT YER; YOU 'AD IT TO START WIV."

May 5, 1909

writers dreaming of becoming peasant-poets and practising Mr. Laurie Lee's poignant Gloucestershire under their breaths.

Nevertheless, the urban hayseed kick is little more than whistling in the dark. After the rush-matted kitchen-dining-room furnished in London Farmhouse comes the open-plan split-level caravan, the week-end cottage for Friday-to-Monday coastguards and gamekeepers, the careful research into relevant back numbers of *House and Garden* ("Tiny windows are an essential part of cottages; they provide some of the feeling of refuge from the outside world. If you really want a great deal of sun and light it is possibly better to build a new cottage . . .") the gnawing anxieties about septic tanks and oil-fired central heating and the sudden little inspiration to build a Colt house in three weeks from scratch, standing on four stone legs in the middle of some handy strip of water. These are but passing tranquillizers, leaving us more avid than ever for permanent roots in some remote National Trust property accessible only to pack-mule and Sherpa, with Anchorite's Sanctuary, enclosure for what remains of the Nineteenth Century herd of buffalo and kangaroo, and second-rate sonnets by Fulke Greville scribbled, with a good deal of crossing-out and alternative readings, on the windows of all the loos. But the reality, the glory and the dream are gone, and it is of no real avail to crouch behind our primrose doors in Canonbury and Gospel Oak cherishing a vision of the golden age in Upton Snodsbury and Wyre Piddle. The nymphs and shepherds in the King's Head and Eight Bells may tie up the knees of their pencil-slim jeans with string and every Georgian bijou duplex in Kensington may harbour a fantasy-horse looking over a hawthorne hedge, but the whole thing has lost its natural impetus. Look long, look lovingly at the greenfly munching up your nine bean rows in the window box outside your Knights-bridge clay and wattle cabin; you're backing a loser.

Survival of the Misfittest

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

Author's Note

A glance at the text below will enable all but the least sensitive of film directors (and John Huston, of course, is one of the most sensitive) to realize that it is not a story in the ordinary sense, nor an article, nor a formula for mental quietude in the difficult times in which we live. Nor is it a film script as such. It's really just what Arthur Miller has called "a result of a purely functional attempt to make a vision of a film clear to others, a film which existed as yet only in the writer's mind." This is a vision of the images generated in the mind by seeing "The Misfits", the Seven Artists Production starring Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable, and Montgomery Clift, at the London Pavilion, and reading the Arthur Miller book from which the film was shot, which has been published in this country by Secker & Warburg and Penguin Books. It's not much of a vision, merely a view from abridgement, but it's a British vision, and if I can get it out of my mind and into the minds of others I shall feel all the better for it.

THERE is a permanent steel roadsign at the entrance to the High Street that reads SHAKESPEARETON WELCOMES CAREFUL DRIVERS: NO WAITING MON-SAT & SUN.

It's usually a quiet little town, except for the whine of the machines making plastic miniature Elizabethan

thatched cottages, and the clamour of tourists around the box offices. To-day there is a special electricity in the air, not just because of the giant pylons that march across the tiny landscape, but because it's fiesta time. As announced in *Coming Events*, the British Travel & Holidays Association

are about to conduct the quaint annual folk ceremony of "Blithering the Gadget," a tradition since 1948, and the streets are crowded with photographers and public relations consultants.

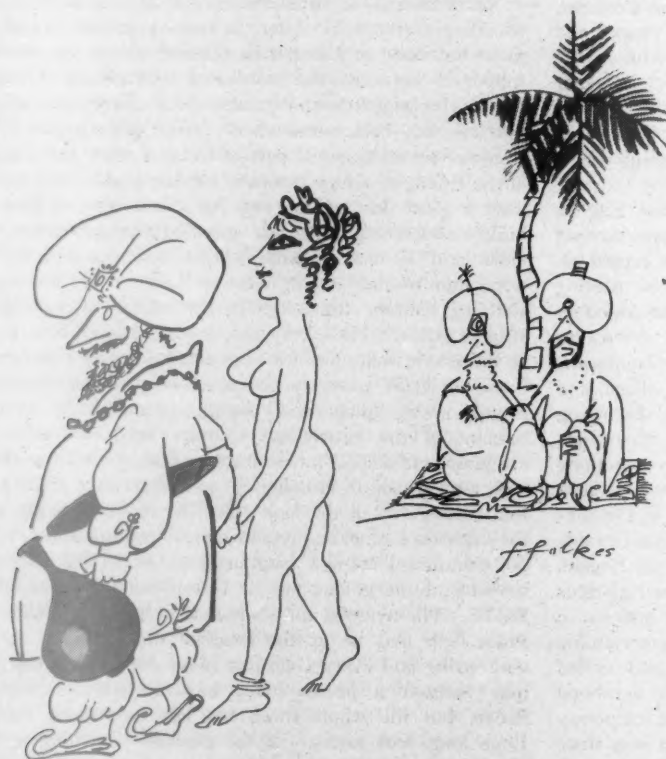
As we abandon our motor-car we find ourselves behind three young women in expensive, fashionable, ugly brown suits and Bond Street hairdos. They are elbowing their way forward, aggressively yet somehow essentially humanely, and, because the throng is dense and progress is slow, we find that we can hear their conversation.

"I wonder what time it is," Penelope says. She has the alert but questioning manner of someone who doesn't know the time but means to find out, and you can sense that she has had to ask this question before.

"I hope it doesn't rain," Venetia says. Her hair is darker, less light, than Penelope's, and her eyes have the usual appearance of an urban office worker accustomed to spectacles who, as though for some particular reason, has carefully put them on her face. Her age could be anything between twenty-eight and thirty-two, but it's hard to tell. "But it looks like rain," she adds, tensely refraining from citing the evidence—the dark clouds, the falling drops of water. You get the impression that she has been rained on a lot in her life; she's one of the people that rain falls on; but she's not entirely resigned to the idea.

"I keep asking myself why we came," Deborah says. She is obviously the shortest of the three. The other two are taller. She speaks in the flat, ironical tones of a young woman who knows what it is to have lived in Earls Court while always buying your hairpins from the most exclusive hairpin shops in Mayfair.

They are just three ordinary, pretty, neurotic young women out of their environment and making almost pathetic attempts to seem normal. Nobody offers watches or umbrellas or train tickets. A man laughs a sinisterly matter-of-fact laugh, and a small boy, strangely empty-handed, walks past with the easy, round-shouldered



"I understand he's some kind of poet-philosopher."

defiance of the truant, although in fact the schools are closed.

"Did you see that fabulous man?" Penelope asks. But the cold wind snatches her words and blows them away like unwanted confetti.

"I'm going to call my office," Deborah says. "I know there must be an easier way of getting what we need."

"You can't overcome the human condition." Venetia reminds anyone who may be listening. "Did you know that the chemical ingredients of the average human body are only worth about one second of advertising time on commercial TV?"

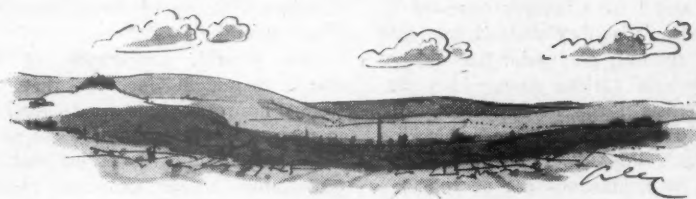
Somewhere a band is playing a march, out of synchronization, and out of tune.

It is night. Outside it is dark, but we enter a British Railways buffet where the white fluorescent lights are gaily reflected on the tea-puddled plastic-marble table-tops. An evangelist is preaching at an Andy Capp figure who is completing his weekly gambling form. In one corner of the room a small, good-natured fight is in progress and somebody is patiently being sick. A waitress is dusting the sandwiches.

Penelope, Venetia, and Deborah are obviously exhausted by their visit, but their exhaustion is masked by the excitement of having found Derek, a newspaper reporter whose boldly, inaccurately knotted rayon tie was quick to tell them that he, too, was longing for a train that would take him away from Shakespeareton into the future. Together they speculate about how late the train will be. He doesn't say much, but what he does say he says real good and plain.

"I like you all," he says. His naked sincerity brings tears to his eyes. "All in your own ways. But will I really like working for a public relations firm? Isn't it enough to be a newspaperman? Has anybody got enough to pay my fare?" Penelope reassuringly squeezes his hand, and Venetia tentatively tugs the lobe of his right ear, and Deborah opens her handbag, which is full of philosophical sayings on little slips of paper from Christmas crackers. They all look at each other some more and miss the train. But there's always another one.

They hadn't properly prepared him



"Will you pour, or shall I?"

for the harsh brutality of London. There is pain in his eyes as they tell him what he must do.

"But to write jingles to sell soap!" he protests.

"Shakespearean jingles," Penelope coaxes.

"But you didn't warn me!" he says.

"You've seen television, haven't you?" Venetia asks harshly. "How did you think those jingles got written?"

They don't write themselves, you know."

"But," he says.

"Honey," Deborah says, "nothin' can live unless something dies. That's what Arthur Miller says. Everybody knows that. Shakespeare knew it."

There's a terrific moment of tension when you see the tension on Derek's face, and for a moment it seems as though he's going to sell out. And then he does.

A Piece of String

HOW long, they asked me, is a piece of string?

It is as long as life, but less mysterious;

As long as sealing-wax, but much less serious;

As long as half the anthem that they sing

On crowning a not-too-important king;

As long as love, if love's not too imperious;

As long as dying, but less deleterious;

As long as sorrow does not cease to sting.

You know how long a child upon a swing is,

How long the dawn-light makes the dark more eerie,

How long a seagull floating on the wing is,

How long time takes to move when time is weary?

Well, that's how long (I said) a piece of string is,

In answer to their rather pointless query.

— R. P. LISTER

For Ardent Colourists

By R. G. G. PRICE

THE world is wracked and riven; dynasties topple; the times are out of joint, or undoubtedly will be to-morrow. Yet I find it impossible to concentrate my attention on laying down general principles to guide the Peoples in facing up to the tasks that lie ahead. My eye has been caught by an advertisement on the back of an old book and I have become obsessed by it. Judson's, so they claimed, sold gold paint, the only gold paint that did not go black in a short time. They also sold Artists' Black, not, apparently, for the use of artists but for re-blackening fenders. "MANY POUNDS may be saved by a judicious use of JUDSON'S SPECIALITIES" they bellowed and they advised readers to be sure of seeing Judson's name on everything, a condition that sounds like the kind of uncomfortable hallucinatory state popularized by Mr. Aldous Huxley.

There is an illustration of an 1870-ish woman in a long ball-gown and a necklace that looks like human teeth. Her gloved hands hold what might be a heavyweight gong-stick or perhaps a baize-covered fighting mace. Opposite her stands a man in evening dress that

fits so badly that he looks on the point of bursting into tricks with pigeons. He has frizzy hair parted in the middle and terraced up from the parting. His left hand fades out in a black blur as though suffering erosion. The text reads:—"DO NOT WASTE YOUR EVENINGS! Re-dye everything with Judson's Dyes. Endless Amusement and Economy Combined. Beware of Cheap Imitations, which spoil the goods."

One possible explanation of the man's distraught look is that the woman has re-dyed his dress suit. Left in their vast, empty home while he is away playing billiards at his club or performing before Crowned Heads, she has tried to pass the dragging hours by changing into Court Dress and playing gong-solos. Then she realizes she is wasting the evening. What she wants is endless amusement so she rushes up the great staircase into her husband's dressing-room and turns his second-best dress clothes into a hideous purple—unless the scene is meant to convey that she used one of the cheap imitations and spoilt the goods.

But on second thoughts I realize that the advertisement would not have

been aimed solely at the woman reader. No. It is one of those long, dragging evenings of aristocratic ennui. Soon he will withdraw to the smoking-room and toy with a saucy French novel, while she settles with a sigh to her tambour. Can the clocks have stopped? No, all the many faces in the mirrored room show the same, all too early, hour, apart from a complicated filigree time-piece that Louis-Seize had made for Marie Antoinette which shows the date of the next eclipse and high tide at Cherbourg; and the clock-winder never knows when it needs regulating.

Suddenly the châtelaine of this morgue claps her hands and cries, "Burgo, let us not try yet again the old, outworn methods of banishing tedium. Let us try to bring back purpose into life and, perhaps, mend our ailing marriage. Let us re-dye everything with Judson's dyes."

"Pretty expensive," he objects, tapping the sides of the cardinal's throne from Valladolid in which he has been sitting before he sprang out of it in horror.

"It is not a matter of mere amusement," she explains; "economy is combined with it."

"If we re-dye everything the servants will get lost," Burgo grumbles. "They rely on that mummy-case on the Duke's landing to give them their bearings when they're heading for the south-west wing."

"We can do the top halves of things first. Then they will have time to get acclimatized."

Both are old and gnarled by the time they have completed their gigantic task. Not an evening has been wasted and there has been no opportunity for Burgo to stray in other pastures. Their marriage is saved, even though Judson's deliveries were delayed on occasion and they used gold paint for the fenders. Misreading the advertisement at an advanced age had made them imagine it would go black in a short time.

If, however, the couple do not normally dress up to the nines but merely up to the Joneses, then the



"I believe he also plays inside-right for the Spurs."

advertisement must represent a special occasion like a party. Somehow their entertainments have always dragged. Guests have sat about, too lacklustre to try to guess what books their fellow-guests represent. Sometimes not even that amount of pleasure is offered. Nobody is introduced to anybody else and nothing happens at all. Steadily the proportion of refusals to acceptances rises. Newcomers to the place are warned, "Don't go to the Bell-Hutchinsons'. It's a wasted evening and so embarrassing when Martha hits Burgo with her gong-stick and tells him to do his imitation of Jenny Lind."

Then, of course, light dawned. At the next party such guests as turned up were invited to draw a slip of paper from a hat. Puzzled cries were heard as they opened them and read aloud, "Ottoman in music-room: Judson's Spring Green," "Stair-roads to maids' attic: Judson's Sombre," "Hammocks in croquet pavilion: Judson's Temptation." What could they mean? Were they treasure-hunt clues? Who was Judson?

Before they could be put in touch with the equipment, the guests began to call for their carriages. The rout became a rout. Soon the poor host and hostess were alone, surrounded by great mounds of rich food, unopened magnums and pretty well a week's output of Judson's factory.

"We still have each other," sobbed Martha and then, reaching out for Judson's Auburn, she ran a finger through Burgo's greying whiskers. The evening was not completely wasted after all.

BLACK MARK . . . No. 8

. . . why can't restaurants co-ordinate the service of food and drink? Why should the gin you intended to sip while you were ordering arrive after the soup? Why should the wine appear with the coffee and the liqueurs with the bill? Part of the trouble is that restaurants are obsessed by what easy money they can make on the drinks: any increase in the number of wine waiters and dispensers would erode these beautiful figures. All the same, more and more diners, instead of enjoying a leisurely drink while they examine the menu, pop into a bar on their way for aperitifs. Drinks, like bread, should be there almost before you have asked for them.





HOW PARIS EATS

By ERIC KEOWN

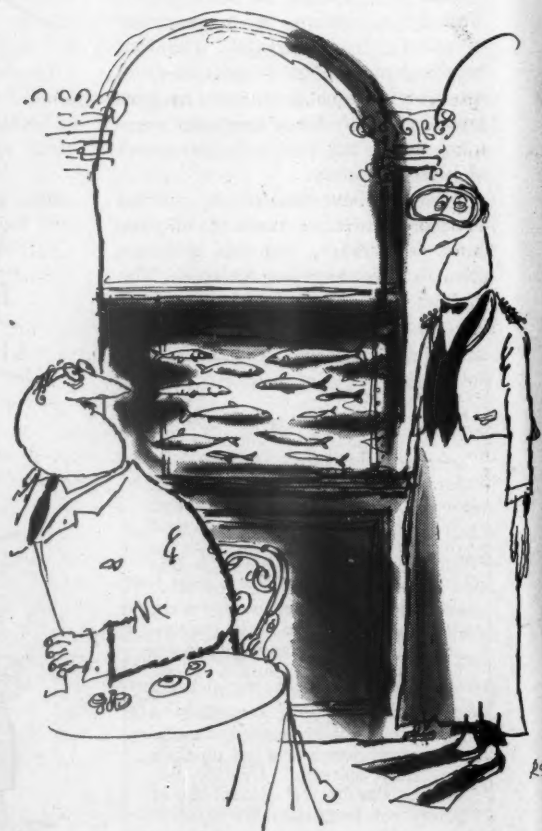
MY rich aunt, an eager and courageous gastronome who has lived all her life in South America, demanded to be shown how Paris ate, from millionaires to typists. I told her the French eating-system was so complex it would take years to study all its permutations, for millionaires may have a favourite *bistro*, and typists, being Frenchwomen, may save for a monthly dinner in style, but I would give her an idea of the five most significant levels. I also told her that it has become a fallacy to imagine that the Left Bank costs less. You can eat just as expensively, just as cheaply, and just as well on either bank; the only point is that on the left there is a bigger concentration of little restaurants in a smaller area. The first thing I did was to lead her to her bank.

1. She said she wanted to begin with the very summit of *haute cuisine*, of which she had so long been dreaming, so I took her to a famous restaurant where for over two hundred years the search for perfection has gone on undiminished in all its tortuous but splendid glories. Even in Paris there are those who claim that the days of this pursuit of the absolute are numbered, arguing that it costs too much and is out of date; certainly several of the surviving examples have recently closed down. But I think these made the mistake of becoming fashionable, and fashions pass. The one of which I am writing has always been above mere smartness. It is an unchanging place where patient and devoted chefs would toil if necessary for years to bring off the felicitous union of ingredients that can produce a sauce beyond comparison.

This restaurant is tucked away in a quiet spot in a back street. It is quite small. There is none of the flummery that often goes with good food. The décor is early nineteenth century, charming but undistracting, and the service is to match. No stiff-shirted men

conscious of their own superiority gather round the table to glare down their noses while you make your choice; instead you are handed an enormous piece of parchment that clearly outlines the magnificent possibilities before you and you are left to wonder at it, all day if you like. I have a feeling that if you looked at it long enough you could walk away, like the man in Marcel Achard's short story who painted nourishing pictures, replete.

Most of the tables have plaques in memory of their most famous occupants, and my aunt and I lunched with Balzac. Under his aegis we chose hot *pâté de foie gras* on toast submerged in a sharp cheese sauce, lamb cutlets that came like bananas in little bunches and were uncoupled before our eyes, and unbelievably creamy ice-cream that arrived covered with hot chocolate in a tureen. The lamb, miraculously tender, was garnished with young spring vegetables, *fonds d'artichauts* making little baskets to hold the peas. One had the impression that before these items were





privileged to be chosen whole flocks of lambs and tons of vegetables had been ruthlessly rejected.

We were not shown a wine-list, but were interrogated by the wine-waiter about our tastes. He was an august figure, who could no doubt have made his name playing heavy uncles in Molière, but he was obviously born for this. He looked happy and fulfilled, and had been decorated by the French Government for his services in keeping the Senate in a mellow mood. To question his choice would have been a diplomatic gaffe of the most serious kind. He brought us a dry '59 Pouilly and a '55 claret, and spoke of them with the reverent enthusiasm a Bond Street dealer accords to old masters.

The clientèle was elderly and well covered, and the atmosphere slightly hushed, as is proper in the presence of works of supreme art. Seasoned old gourmets and their wives and lady-friends spent a long time in lively discussion of the menu, and then as their food was brought conversation dried up, its place taken by rapt contemplation of each mouthful. My aunt got away with a few francs out of ten

pounds, and agreed it had been an unforgettable experience.

2. I took her after that to a restaurant of the next grade, of which there are a number, a limited number, in Paris. Here the service was as smooth, and though the surroundings were not so intimate the food was still very good; no pretensions to *haute cuisine*, but nevertheless really careful cooking. The ghost of Brillat-Savarin being absent, things were rather gayer, and family parties were in evidence. I am very fond of this place, and keep it for special treats. Once on Sunday before the war I was served at lunch by a waiter with whom I made friends; when I went on to have tea in the Bois de Boulogne it was he who brought it to me, having caught me up on his bicycle.

My aunt and I had a dozen *belons*, that seemed to have the whole essence of the Atlantic packed inside them, *coquilles St. Jacques Provençale* that made us smell like acetylene flares for a couple of days, and grilled kidneys arranged to represent over-blown roses. Drinking Chablis and Brouilly in carafes we got away for about five pounds.

3. I now explained to my still-eager aunt the importance of the *bistro* restaurant, which is the very staple of French eating. In Paris there are hundreds, perhaps thousands of them, and in the best the *patron* usually cooks while his wife looks after the customers. Many have a regional slant, and although some have very good cellars most Parisians drink the house Beaujolais, which is nearly always excellent. Strong-armed waitresses are the general rule, and you have only to use a *bistro* a few times, even over the years, to be greeted as an old friend. Parisians are tremendously loyal to their favourite *bistros*, and professional men often lunch in them every day; at the same time they are gloriously democratic, and the truck-driver in overalls leaning against the bar is given his coffee with the same attention that goes to the Professor's *cog au vin*.

We went to one where food is taken seriously but talkatively, and I booked a table opposite the bar where we could watch Madame deploying her forces as if on the bridge of a destroyer. All the waitresses have been there since the flood, and are part of the family,

but every move in the service is watched by this hawk-eyed and delightful woman. A group of workmen, having eaten their sandwiches on the job, were topping up at the bar with coffee and brandy and discussing everything but politics with a girl who was expertly opening a row of bottles.

The little doctor who comes every day and plays chess afterwards with the *patron* was at the next table. By one o'clock the place was full, and it is just as busy in the evening. Towards the end of lunch the *patron* somehow detached himself from his kitchen and made the round of his friends, shaking hands. We were very happy with the *terrine de canard*, one of his special prides, the *faux filet au marchand de vin* with a cunning wine sauce, a salad and *crêpes flambées*, and the bill with a bottle of Chiroubles and coffee came to fifty-four shillings, tip included.

4. A good example on the next level is harder to find. Whereas there are a great many cheap restaurants, experiment is needed to discover a reliable one. The place to which I took my aunt, still thirsting for experience, is small and busy, and it is reassuring to see the rack of napkins for the regulars. Here, curiously enough, are waiters as

well as waitresses; they know most of their customers by name and the atmosphere is very matey. Food is all *à la carte*, but absurdly cheap and good. The clientèle seems mostly from neighbouring offices. Our score was twenty-six shillings, after fillets of herring, an ample *cassoulet*, camembert, a large carafe of very drinkable red and a coffee. This sort of restaurant is better value and more fun than the meagre *menus touristiques* on offer all over Paris at a few shillings less.

5. Finally, for the fifth grade, we explored without much hope one of the self-service restaurants which are springing up on the main boulevards. The technique is familiar, and so is the snag of the main course growing cold while you eat your first. We queued with tin trays past a long serving table, and helped ourselves as we went along, blistering ourselves at the meat section until a girl came to our rescue with an enormous clip. At the end of the table, having taken bread and wine on board, the total is totted up in a moment by a birdlike lady and you pay. After that you find a seat at a table, and a perambulating girl with a corkscrew unleashes your wine. She will also fetch extras like ice-cream. The décor is functional

but not unpleasant, the food edible but not exciting. For Bismarck herring, *steack au poivre*, mouse-trap cheese and a bottle of Bordeaux *ordinaire* we paid twenty-two shillings (all my figures are for two). There are no tips. Wine is expensive at 7s. 6d. a bottle, and I can't think why they don't have carafes at 3s. 9d., as they do at No. 4. The cross-section of Paris workers of every kind and age is amusing, and eating here certainly sustains life and is quickly over, but compared with No. 4 it is poor value.

Before leaving for a long course of the waters at Vichy, my aunt declared it was no mystery to her why so many people lived in Paris.

☆

"No waiting, no delay—if you are fit, you are in. This will be the Army motto when it begins recruiting men for Malaya on April 5. The system will work something like this: A man who volunteers in Auckland in the morning will be told to report back to the drill hall that night—with his bag packed. Army doctors will be waiting to give him a physical examination. If he passes, he goes into Papakura Camp immediately. Next morning, psychiatrists will examine him."—*New Zealand Herald*

Then back home.



"Now that's what I call a good water-repellent raincoat!"

Slightly Basané

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

SO far this summer I have enjoyed an average of 1.46 man-hours of sunshine per day, and as a result I have a tan to be compared favourably with that of the newspaper-seller whose pitch is on the north side of Fleet Street outside Peele's pub. (Why should El Vino always get the big hand?) This is no mean achievement, as fellow sun-tan worshippers and habitués of Peele's will readily recognize, and I therefore propose to outline my methods in the general interest of heliotherapy.

In Britain the only way to win 1.46 man-hours of sunshine per day from a reluctant climate is to make maximum use of every moment of solar penetration. Normally, as we all know, the sun glances fitfully and furtively from behind big lolloping grey cumulus clouds. It is out for two minutes, in for an hour, out for the first service, in for the set, and so on. But these odd minutes, sun-friends, can add up to a magnificent tan, a bonus intake of vitamin D, a general feeling of well-being, and appreciative glances.

The other week I picked up (just a moment while I consult my diary) . . . yes, no fewer than eight hours of sunshine during office hours. At ten o'clock I had an appointment with an accountant and as I stepped into his room I cased the joint for sunshine accessibility with practised eye. The window faced southish and I reckoned that by standing with my back to his filing cabinet I should be in direct line for any shafts of a.m. sunlight that might slant through his grubby panes.

"This shouldn't take long," he said, "just a few routine questions. Take a seat."

"No, thanks," I said, "I'm quite comfortable here leaning against the filing cabinet. Do carry on."

He furrowed his brows for a bit and then sat down at his desk. I was behind him, to the right.

"Now, about this return . . ." he said.

I was rather pleased with my prediction. Just then the sun streamed into the room in a narrow belt. I had only

to bend my knees slightly and press my cheek into the cabinet to get the stuff full in the face. It was wonderful. I whipped out my handkerchief, carefully treated with Ambre Solaire, and dabbed at my forehead.

The Accountant swung his chair round. "You all right?" he said.

"Perfectly," I assured him.

At two-thirty I had to travel to Cambridge for a regional meeting of the Bring-Back-the-Nine-O'clock-News Association, and at King's Cross I found myself in real trouble. It is not easy in the great termini to judge the position or angle of the sun: the high dome diffuses the light and makes accurate bearings well-nigh impossible. Moreover the railway tracks out of London are so sinuous that one never knows with absolute certainty whether the sun will be shining from right or left. My reading of the railway map suggested that a corner seat on the left with back to the engine would bring me into line with the sun, should it appear, during the first three miles, but that thereafter the bends in the track would on the whole favour a seat on the right. Obviously then I had to find a compartment with access to the corridor.

The train left punctually in broken cloud. I tucked myself in against the window and waited. To my great joy the sun immediately put in an appearance, though for a few seconds it was masked to some extent by an ugly No Smoking notice which I promptly removed with my nail-file.

The track veered and I was out of my seat, across the compartment and into the corridor like a flash. I was there waiting for the sun when it edged round the coach and in through the corridor window. And not once, until it vanished behind a dense layer of alto-nimbus near Bishop's Stortford, did it beat me to it. My fellow passengers did not of course comprehend the significance of my sudden rushes, but they seemed vaguely amused and were good-humouredly tolerant when I brushed newspapers and sandwiches from their



"Well, if you will try all those reducing diets at once . . ."

laps and, once, trod on a segment of apple pie.

But that was a fortnight ago. To-day I lie on the floor of my own office, my collar unbuttoned, my sleeves rolled to the elbow, and any minute now the sun should emerge from a patch of woolly mist above the *News of the World* office and flood my carpet with its infra-red and ultra-violet. I have shuffled three feet since eleven o'clock and I still have a yard or so to go before I reach the chalk mark that defines the day's solar spread. Later, of course, I shall move into the secretaries' room, which faces south-west . . .

The telephone is off the hook and . . . yes . . . yes . . . here it comes. Now! And there is a heavenly blue patch coming up that should be worth seven or eight minutes of uninterrupted intake.

☆

"Forecast for To-morrow—S.W. England: Showery, bright intervals and perhaps thunder. Wind west to north-west, fresh. Colder: maximum temperatures 42-46. Further Outlook: Rather cold, with sunny intervals at night."—*Somerset paper*

It's the bomb.



Once More Unto the Breach

IT is usually in the odd years that economic crises come. The only exceptional feature about the present bout is that it has leapt over a two-year interval. The last squeeze was applied in 1957 and with such vehemence that the remedial effect carried us over 1959 which, instead of being another year of crisis, was the best ever in the history of British economic expansion.

By 1960, however, it became apparent that this expansion was getting greedy. The British consumer was gobbling up at home a great deal of what should have been exported. It was also bringing in from abroad manufactured goods such as sheet steel, refrigerators, women's dresses, etc. which would have been made here in Britain, had not the consumers' queue been so long. Hence the ominous gap of nearly £350 million which opened up in our payments with the rest of the world.

This year there is still a gap, albeit a smaller one. But in addition the hot money is going out and most members of the sterling club are as much in the red as we are. That is why the need for defensive action has again arisen.

One of the sharpest psychological blows the market has had to withstand has been the restriction on capital movements from South Africa and the announcement that the proceeds of the sale in South Africa of South African shares by non-residents will be blocked and can only be used for reinvestment in that country. This must mean two scales of prices for South African securities, one of which will apply within the country and the other, much lower, in outside markets. The British holder of South African shares will only be able to get his sterling by selling them to another non-South African investor.

Among the shares which have fallen with the general run of South African securities are Cape Asbestos and Turner & Newall. Each has large mining interests in South Africa, but they will not be affected by the restriction on

capital movements. The products of these two extremely well-run companies will be needed in increasing volume by the building and motor car industries. On any appreciable setback in these shares, which yield about 5½ per cent in the case of Cape Asbestos and 3½ per cent with Turner & Newall, they should be bought.

Even in a period of squeeze retail trade in Britain is expected to continue doing good business. This applies particularly to the grocery trade. One of the most successful companies in this group is London Grocers, whose trading profit for 1960 showed an increase of 37 per cent on the figure for 1959; the company has maintained the dividend on its capital increased by last year's unusual 11 for 45 scrip issue. This makes 25 per cent as against the equivalent to 20.1 per cent last year. The increase is sweetened by another 1 for 4 scrip issue. The yield

on the company's shares is a minute 1½ per cent—but can one wonder with this record of impressive growth behind them?

The result of the first offer of sale of ordinary shares by tender has proved eminently successful. The shares in question were those of Parway Land and Investments and the issue was handled by Kleinwort Benson. The minimum price was 16s. The lowest successful bidder was at 17s. 6d. and, in fact, the bulk of the issue went at prices between this figure and 21s. 6d. One optimist, however, applied for 100 shares at 40s. each and, needless to say, was allotted in full. The shares have since been quoted at around 22s. in the market. The stags have been kept at bay, the seller has got a fair price for the shares he wanted to market and in view of the success of this issue, we may see many imitators.

— LOMBARD LANE

In the Country



See How They Grow

ALTHOUGH May and June are months of maximum tree growth, some of the fastest growers are resting before Midsummer Day. Surprisingly little is known about how different trees grow, but a new technique based on the use of fitted girth-bands, which will record with precision just when a tree is expanding and just when it stops, should soon be providing facts for the statisticians to work on.

Until then only a few details are clear. Beech, for instance, normally makes most of its annual height growth between May 21 and June 21; then rests for perhaps a month before making a second and smaller spurt (in late July and early August) to form Lammas shoots. It finishes for the year well before August 31. Oak seems to behave in the same way, but detailed observation of some hybrid larch revealed a complete contrast. In May (at the very end of the month) there was 1 inch of new growth; in June 12 in; in July 14 in; in August 10 in; in September 20 in; and in October

4 in. Several pines, on the other hand, are much nearer to beech in their growth pattern. Those who watch poplars (England's fastest-growing trees) will find that some grow from early April to late October, and especially in September; when that excitement is ended they can turn to the familiar *Cupressus macrocarpa* and its Californian near-neighbour the Monterey pine which may continue growing into December.

But there is more to tree growth than just watching. Foresters have found that young trees, broadly considered, much dislike the competition of grass and other weeds which make root competition and threaten to overtop newly-planted trees and have to be cut at great expense. Christmas trees especially need their lower branches kept free of competition. But here there is an interesting development. Some growers have found that, if sheep are turned in summer into Christmas tree plantations, they will eat the grass and weeds and so do the cleaning yet not eat the Christmas trees. This summer-cleaning-by-sheep technique may considerably reduce the cost of producing Christmas trees.

You cannot safely use horses or bullocks as cleaners because they are too heavy. Trees on which these beasts lie are likely to stay down if not actually killed. But a young Christmas tree on which a woolly light-weight sheep lies will normally live to hold candles for Christmas.

— J. D. U. WARD

Essence of Parliament



ON Monday the Conservatives rallied round to oppose the Socialist proposal to forbid persons under eighteen from getting a drink in clubs. It looked as if it was going along on fairly conventional party lines when to their uncoiled surprise the Conservative Kentish peasants, led by Mr. Rees Davies of Thanet, found as the Richard II who would lead them no less a person than Mr. Silverman. He roundly declared that the Socialist proposal was quite unworkable without interferences with personal liberty that would be intolerable. That is what comes of expelling people from your party. Yet there was more to it than that. Mr. Silverman's opposition was not mere impishness. There is with him, as there is with Mr. Michael Foot, a very welcome strain of libertarianism.

Tuesday in the Commons looked as if it might be a dreary day as legislators ploughed ponderously through a few more clauses of the Finance Bill. It was therefore a welcome grape-vine which passed the word along that Lord Montgomery was proposing to make his maiden speech in the Lords. Correspondents stole out peer-wards, leaving Mr. Nabarro with his legs stretched out comfortably over the back of the bench in front of him, his coat open and a colourful pair of braces bidding defiance to the friends of Schedule A. Lord Montgomery, speaking from the Conservative benches, because, as he complained, he had been crowded out of the cross benches by Admirals, was, to tell the truth, a little disappointing. He has been a peer now for fifteen years and it is odd that he should never before have made a speech in the House of Lords—the more so since it must by now be almost the only place where he has not made a speech. It was after-prison care for convicts which he had selected for his subject. There was some characteristic stuff about a “dog's breakfast,” but, though he doubtless has his subject at heart and knows a lot about it, there was not much that anybody else could not have said just as well. It was all a little like a distinguished outside speaker addressing the annual

Lord Montgomery in Action

general meeting of some deserving charity of which he approved but with the details of whose work he was not much acquainted. More oddly still, having spoken in favour of the amendment, when it came to the division he voted against it, which seemed distinctly un-Alamein. We got back to the Commons just in time to find that Mr. Nabarro's braces had closed with a snap. There was a regular royal row going on between him and Mr. Callaghan about this famous Schedule A. Mr. Nabarro accused the Chancellor of “living immorally on the earnings of Schedule A taxpayers.” “Prince of dodgers,” shouted Mr. Callaghan and swept out, disdaining to sit in the Chamber along with such a man. “Anything he can get away with,” shouted the Socialists at Mr. Nabarro. Mr. Nabarro enjoyed it all like mad

and subsequently took a baker's dozen of Conservative MPs into the lobby with him against the Government.

When Lord Home was appointed, there was a good deal of criticism of a Foreign Secretary in the Lords. Whatever the general rights of the matter there is at any rate some advantage in not having to be bothered with constituents—particularly when nobody knows either what the constituents think or what the party line is going to be. For Lord Home, who has very properly never quite got over the fact that when he was in the House of Commons he was the next best bat there after Mr. Aidan Crawley, is hitting the Common Market bowling a good deal harder than any other Minister. They say that we should not take a decision about the Common Market until we have had an election on it. The argument has some plausibility, and, if one party was for the Common Market and the other was against it, there

Common Market Complication

would be a great deal to be said for making us stand up to be counted and seeing how we made out. But, as it is, it is hard to see how we should know any more after an election than before. All the signs are that in both parties 20 per cent of the Members returned would be for the Market and 20 per cent against and the remaining 60 per cent “don't know.” So how many little pigs should go to market after all that it would be no easier to tell than it is to-day. Lord Home, as a peer and therefore deprived along with lunatics and aliens of the franchise, was prepared to be more outspoken than his colleagues. Even he was not quite prepared to say “Sign on the dotted line.” He wanted to be quite sure where some of the dots were first, but he was obviously coming round to signing. He was, he confessed, nearly there. So was Lord Casey who had come all the way from Australia to say so. Lord Balfour on the other hand was vigorously sceptical and Lord Alexander was not quite sure what it was all about. There were to be foreigners in it, and with foreigners anything might happen. On the whole it all made a good and refreshing debate.

On Monday Mr. Nigel Fisher had tried to congratulate Mr. Macleod on the West Indian constitution, and Mr. Macleod had replied with some tartness, if not with some cynicism, that it was always particularly pleasant to be congratulated by the House when it did not know what it was congratulating him about. Mr. Sandys on the Thursday must perhaps have wished that the Southern Rhodesian constitutional proposals were as vague as the West Indian on Monday. Mr. Braine led off in a rather ponderous speech. Some of the Conservatives behind him, like Mr. Tapsell and Mr. Fisher, were clearly unhappy from the Liberal point of view and others were unhappy from the Imperialist point of view. The Socialists, with Mr. Marquand to lead them, said their say, and, though they were not successful in showing the House that they knew the answer, at least succeeded in showing it that the question was a very difficult one. But both Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Sandys are very competent, if not always eloquent, performers and they rounded it off about as well as such a difficult task could be rounded off.

— PERCY SOMERSET



VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY

“They are at present detained on the British island of St. Helena—where Napoleon died in exile for ‘plotting’ against the Sheik of Bahrain.”—*Daily Mail*
Bernard Levin please note.



AT THE PLAY

Hamlet (STRAND)
On the Avenue (GLOBE)

THE Oxford Playhouse *Hamlet*, which comes to London for four weeks, is refreshingly straightforward. Frank Hauser's only innovation, a harmless one, is that Ophelia grabs Laertes' sword and carries it round with the herbs.

This is by no means a great *Hamlet*, but it is honest and workmanlike; the setting is very simple, a varied arrangement of gold curtains against a stormy backcloth. Jeremy Brett has the advantage of a princely bearing and, though he cannot yet give the poetry full measure, of a voice that commands respect. One can well believe he enjoyed the civilized delights of Wittenburg, and finds the Danish court a bore. For so young an actor he makes a very brave shot at *Hamlet*, and manages to do everything except explain his mental processes. Mr. Hauser condemns him to die sitting up facing the audience, and after a dazzling fight with Laertes in which one really feared for the actors this leaves him a

palpably heaving corpse. Another awkwardness is that when the Ghost first appears to him he acknowledges its presence but doesn't turn to face it for some seconds; surely a son's natural reaction would be to whip round immediately to see his father?

The other parts are soundly, if not memorably, taken. Robert Eddison's Polonius is a carefully constructed caricature of senility; whatever wisdom this Polonius may have had, he must now be a handicap at the council-table. Joseph O'Connor is a sinister, well-spoken King, and Helen Cherry a seductive Queen. William Abney and Ronald Hines make Horatio and Laertes likely fellows, and Victor Maddern makes the grave-digger an aggressive cockney. Linda Gardner is a pretty Ophelia who somehow didn't touch me. I have often complained of the bronchial asthma commonly suffered by the Ghost, and Robert Crewsdon's was a complete answer, with a voice like Stentor's.

Chiefly by Arthur Macrae and Paul Dehn, *On the Avenue* is an accomplished revue that for some indefinable reason

never had me in stitches. It is much richer in wit than humour, and tackles a lot of contemporary phenomena such as housewives' boredom in the new towns, naval secrets, the Royal Court's anarchism, the unreliability of Spanish maids, and the business at Holy Loch. Some of these topical themes are hit hard and neatly, others are met on well-worn lines and rather peter out. In spite of a cast that knows its business, the effect is patchy.

Most of the items I liked best are greatly brightened by Beryl Reid, whose comic sense is acute and who has a quiet Scottish charm. She sings very simply and effectively a sad little song about an elderly American tourist who knows she will never again be able to return to her beloved Paris, and she is very funny as a temperamental Spanish maid wrecking an important dinner-party and as a fortune-teller eager to have her own fortune read.

The whole team is deployed in a good satire by Mr. Macrae in which the Haymarket's and the Royal Court's schools of drama are combined. Joan Heal once more demonstrates her skill with the song with a kick in its tail; she is at her best as the bored wife of an angry young man grown prosperous and complacent. George Rose is amusing as an old buck trying to keep up to date, and Joanna Rigby is a useful all-rounder. Marion Grimaldi has a song about sad young men which she sings very well, but for the life of me I couldn't discover whether it was work or drink or love that made young men so gloomy. Mr. Dehn's topical parodies of nursery rhymes are interspersed in the programme, and make their point with admirable economy. I thought the most disappointing sketch was the one that began with what seemed a very promising idea, the distinguished lady at the opening ceremony trying desperately to cut an uncuttable tape, and ended in very unfunny knockabout.

Like all revues, this is likely to improve as it settles down.

—ERIC KEOWN



BERYL REID

GEORGE ROSE

(On the Avenue)

AT THE PICTURES

One-Eyed Jacks
Two Rode Together
Ring of Fire

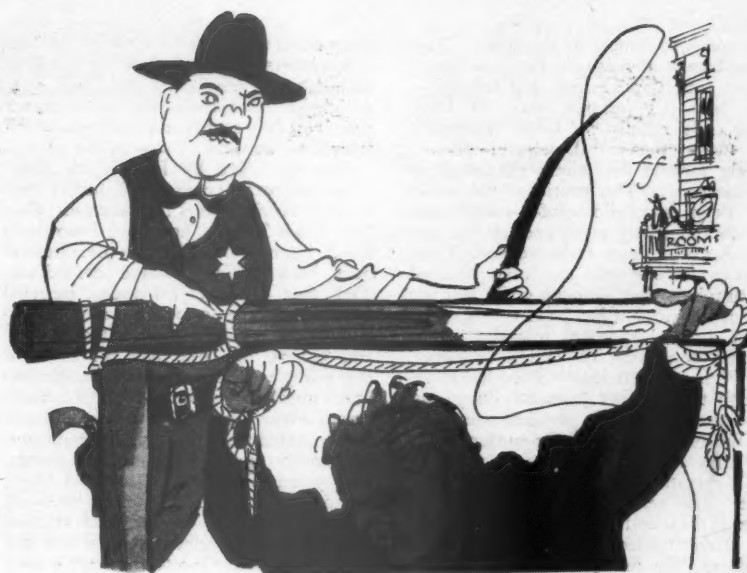
IT would be easy to bring out all the usual observations about an actor who turns director—and all the

easier in the instance of *One-Eyed Jacks* (Director: Marlon Brando) because of a pretentious philosophical manifesto printed in the press handout, signed "Marlon Brando" and, by implication, making considerable claims for this work. Examined coldly, it is very much a conventional Western. What lifts it out of the ordinary is not any such undertone or overtone of symbolism or high tragedy or whatever Mr. Brando's declaration implies (to be frank, I'm not quite sure—it would be charitable to suppose a PRO wrote it) but a certain feeling of unaccustomed realism, convincingness about the detail and atmosphere.

It's usual to snarl at "Method" acting mainly on the grounds of inaudibility. The objection really comes down to annoyance that the dialogue is not delivered as it would be in a play: not "projected," not banged over so that every slightest syllable is heard even by somebody in a back row looking for a shoe. I don't make this objection because I don't think it applies to films at all. In my view, in an essentially naturalistic film the more natural dialogue sounds the better. I'd rather get the general sense of what is being said without grasping every word than have the nagging feeling—which isn't rare with films, let alone plays—that some dialogue exchange has been thoroughly rehearsed so that it is as brisk and distinct as a rally in table-tennis. It very much helps the illusion when the characters really seem to be saying what they have only just thought of saying, particularly in a Western such as this. These are naturally slow-speaking men; all their speed is reserved for violent action—drawing guns, hitting people, leaping on to horses, robbing banks.

The central character, Rio, is in fact a bank robber, and the first part of the film shows him in flight, with a friend (Karl Malden), from the Mexican police. They are besieged in the hills, and the friend goes off to get horses. Tempted by the chance of keeping all the stolen gold himself, he fails to come back, so that Rio is caught and spends five years in prison. Then—escape, and the obsession of revenge.

This is the heart of the story. The familiar situations and scenes of the Western keep turning up, but as I suggest the style very much freshens them: partly because these men seem to be speaking and behaving more naturally than usual it is easier to believe not only in them but in their lives, their circumstances. There is a convincing badness about the bad men. There is for that matter enough convincing badness—readiness to lie, cheat, steal or whatever—about Rio himself to make nonsense of the implication of hope at the end, when he tells the girl (Pina Pellicer, and very nice too) to wait for him. On previous form, he's probably lying to her, and won't pass



Dad Longworth—KARL MALDEN

Rio—MARLON BRANDO

that way again unless he has to. But this hardly matters, considering the film as a whole. It's a good, sound Western, and visually superb in Vistavision and Technicolor (Charles Lang, Jr.).

The other Western this time, *Two Rode Together* (Director: John Ford), is interesting less because of its manner—in spite of the director and the fact that he has here a theme involving his favourite Cavalry-v-Indians situation—than because of the theme itself. One of the two who "rode together" is an easy-going small-town marshal, Guthrie (James Stewart), and the other is a Cavalry lieutenant, Gary (Richard Widmark), who fetches him to negotiate with the Comanches for the release of white captives kidnapped years before. Guthrie has no sympathy with the idea and tries to get the hopeful settlers to realize that their relatives, some of whom were captured as children, will now be in effect Indians, but he has to bring back a young man who proves himself an irredeemably murderous savage, and is lynched, before they can grasp the truth. The picture is uneven: the first part of it has some shamelessly obvious moments (the marshal and the string of comic drunks), and the ending is pretty arbitrary in the way it settles each of the two men with a girl. But that touch of freshness about the theme, and the technical authority to be felt in some of the most ordinary scenes, make up for a lot.

Ring of Fire (Director: Andrew L. Stone) does not pretend to be anything more than a spectacular suspense piece, and as such it's highly effective. It

begins with a situation that has made gripping films before—the fugitive law-breakers with a hostage—and works up by skilful degrees to a climax in which the hero (David Janssen) is at the controls of an engine creeping across a high trestle bridge with two coaches crammed with townspeople escaping from a forest fire that has already engulfed their houses. It engulfs the bridge too, never fear, just after nearly everybody has got out and run along the track. I can't remember ever before having seen such a spectacular mess of highly-coloured destruction; the film is worth seeing for that in itself, though the details of the story leading up to it, and the attempt to imply a happy ending (this time it's the man who "will be waiting"), are pretty silly.

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Poker Player

HOWEVER dire may be my suffering I try to put in a good word when I can. But I have to admit that Ron Moody has defeated me. His BBC series *Moody in . . .* has thus far been very sad. Even the studio audience has been cowed to silence. With his soft hat and eternal pipe Mr. Moody plays comedy as if he were auditioning for Maigret. He fancies his luck as a pauper's Tati but, to name one handicap, he has chosen the wrong sort of pipe. Tati has a mobile, humorous briar; Moody's pipe is stiff and dead, lately taken from the teeth of a herb-smoking Welsh salvationist.

I think he makes a mistake in playing

his mime so much in deadpan. This stone-face stuff may win fame on Easter Island but it makes for dull television. The best TV mimes, such as Dave King, rely mainly on facial expression for their effects. Dead-pan playing simply forfeits the comic advantage of the close-up. The music of the series has been steady run-of-the-mill and the choreography good enough for any Rag Revue. Peter Gilmore and David Kernan have made the very best of the numbers they've been given but the rest of the singing has been rough. The worst musical moment was the harsh, feverish rendering of "High Fidelity" by Vivienne Martin. Case-hardened though they are by *Juke Box Jury*, my ear-drums flinched in physical pain.

The Associated-Rediffusion documentary *Heartbeat of France* was thoughtfully and sympathetically made. The producer was reputed to have shot ten miles of film and this wealth of material may have turned out something of a handicap. The first part flowed smoothly enough, but in the second half a problem of omission seemed to set in. These later episodes, though individually satisfying, were disconnected and did not move to a general theme. Although interest was held throughout in this portrayal of the enduring people of France there was rarely a feeling that we had come to know any of them. This lack stemmed I think from the fact that very little of the film had authentic background sound. We were mostly watching the people moving silently against an accompaniment of music or the observant voice of the commentator. In the occasional scene when the true sound came through the impact was greatly increased. This effect was most striking in the film of the mad-house that prevails behind the scenes of a Dior dress-show. As a whole, however, this was a good, intelligent programme and I hope that A-R have other such documentaries in store.

I have good news for those viewers involved in World War II who have been unable to stomach the ham, fiction and pompous brass-bandery of *Victory At Sea* or *The Valiant Years*. By courtesy of ABC the truth is at hand. Two of the opening films in their summer season of film classics, *The Big Film*, are the Errol Flynn war memoirs, *They Died With Their Boots On* and *Objective Burma*.

I find it difficult to criticize any play in which Susannah York appears. They just cut to a close-up of her wonderful eyes and I forget what I was going to beef about. *Duel for Love* (ABC) was a charming duet for her and Alan Bates. Ingeniously set in a Rex Whistler garden, all grottoes and arches and crumbling steps, this romantic confection was given just the right other-world atmosphere by the direction of Philip Saville. It went on rather too long for its content, however, and might have

dragged in the hands of two less personable players. The play was most enjoyable Sunday night viewing and such delightful escapism was a welcome relief in our steady diet of troublous, television drama.

Heartily bored by *What's My Line?* I was happy when the BBC finally took it off. Having seen its successor *Does The Team Think?*, however, I wouldn't mind if they brought the old career-quiz back again. Three comedians, Ted Ray, Jimmy Edwards, Bernard Braden, and one scriptwriter who should know better, Frank Muir, sit at a table and behave like the lives-and-souls of the party. Sad little people ask sad little questions about which the team weave heavy-handed, over-rehearsed quips. Macdonald Hobley, the chairman, can barely speak for simulated mirth, Jimmy Edwards's role is to keep mentioning beer, Ted Ray quotes irrelevant excerpts from Joe Miller, and Braden and Muir just wonder how they ever got there. The latter wrote the team's own epitaph the other week when he styled them "Merry . . . but not bright." I understand that the programme was a riot on the wireless. The BBC had better give it back to the Light if they want that third TV channel. If the Pilkington Committee set eyes on *Does The Team Think?* they'll hand the whole shebang over to the detergent-peddlers.

— PATRICK RYAN

IN THE GROOVE

The Gilded Cage

ONE of the highlights of the jazz calendar will be the Beaulieu Jazz Festival (July 29 and 30), and one of the highlights of that will be Anita O'Day's début in Britain, so her new record, "Anita O'Day and Billy May swing Rodgers and Hart" (HMV CLP-1436), was especially welcome, especially before I heard it. It is interesting, which is more than one can say about a lot of other vocalists' LPs, but it is disappointing and tantalizing.

Miss O'Day has been a great jazz singer for the past twenty years, since she started with Gene Krupa. She can be heard at her best, rarely, with small, sympathetic, free-swinging groups of the sort that moved Billie Holiday to her most memorable performances. The "swing" of Billy May's orchestra gives an impression of chandeliers and white ties. Miss O'Day's wonderfully warm and witty personality sometimes on this record seems constricted in an ornate golden trap of brass and strings.

The songs she sings now are from Rodgers and Hart musicals that flourished on Broadway from 1930 to 1943. The lyrics are a good deal more sophisticatedly amusing than those of the ordinary pop hit of to-day. One might say that "Bewitched" (from *Pal Joey*, 1940), sung here un-bowdlerized (notice the

chorus beginning: "I've sinned a lot . . ." which was considered quite daring in those innocent wartime years), and "Ten Cents A Dance" (from *Simple Simon*, 1930), a bumpy, torchy, expurgated sort of "Love For Sale," reminiscent of hard-boiled sentimental novels such as *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, are of a certain historic cultural interest. But it is not true in jazz that if you take care of the sense the sounds will take care of themselves; the very ingenuity of some of the lyrics seems to have been a pre-occupation; and in some of the songs, e.g., "To Keep My Love Alive" (from *A Connecticut Yankee*, 1943), one of the comic-gruesome little numbers that used to be beloved by Dorothy Shay, "The Park Avenue Hill-Billy," and other slick cabaret performers, the words, as far as jazz is concerned, are a downright nuisance: in this role Miss O'Day is obviously wasted. Yet another song that suffers from Billy May's over-arranging is "Lover" (from *Love Me Tonight*, 1932); the quality of the voice is wonderful, the tempo is continually being changed, and the total effect is a muddle. For a more successful version of "Lover" refer to volume one of "The Best of Peggy Lee" (Brunswick LAT-8355). Miss Lee (who is coming to London on July 16 to sing in one of Al Burnett's night-clubs, the Pigalle) presents the song as a mounting erotic challenge and entreaty, leaving Miss O'Day far behind, still struggling with that insane rhapsodic choir of trumpets and violins.

Capitol have issued some more of George Shearing's voluptuous new commercial lullaby music, with barely perceptible traces of jazz in it, like truffles in pâté. It's called "White Satin" (T-1334) and the sleeve blurb tells one almost all that need be known about it: "beautiful music that caresses the ear with a rich, lovely smoothness . . . a fine blend of flowing melody and rich mood." One of the richest, loveliest, smoothest tracks is "Laura," which would make excellent background music for a small quiet hemlock party for people who repine for Shearing's more animated days.

The best recent jazz release, in my opinion, is good old reliable Johnny Hodges' "Blues-A-Plenty" (HMV CLP-1430), with Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Billy Strayhorn, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; and Sam Woodyard, drums. Listen particularly to "Satin Doll," which is in no way connected with the satin mentioned above. Also recommended: Gerry Mulligan and his "Concert Jazz Band" (HMV CLP-1432), playing music for not dancing to, though if dancing were compulsory I'd rather dance to Mulligan's "My Funny Valentine" any night than to the dismal mechanical strict-tempo nothingness of the typical bands of West End hotels.

— PATRICK SKENE CATLING

BOOKING OFFICE

MASTER AND SERVANT

By SIMON RAVEN

The Yellow Scarf. An Account of Thuggee and its Suppression. Sir Francis Tuke. Dent, 25/-

"I have gone on quietly, through evil and through good report, doing, to the best of my ability, the duties which it has pleased the Government of India, from time to time, to confide to me, in the manner which appeared to be most conformable to its wishes and its honour, satisfied and grateful for the trust and confidence which enabled me to do so much good for the people, and to secure so much of their attachment and gratitude to their rulers . . ."

W. H. Sleeman, in a letter to Lord Hardinge.

IN 1808, being then twenty years of age, William Henry Sleeman received a Cadetship from the Honourable East India Company. He rode the round of his relatives and friends in Cornwall; selected, with great care, a sword from Messrs. Wilkinson of Ludgate Hill; saw Kemble and Mrs. Siddons play in *Macbeth* at the Haymarket; and then he sailed away in one of John Company's ships and never, though he lived to be nearly seventy, set eyes on his native Stratton again. His life's work was to be in India; and by life's work I mean just that—not a mere twenty years or so, interrupted by regular and comfortable home leaves, but forty-seven solid years of unrelenting labour, which was no sooner rewarded with a knighthood than it was terminated by death.

And yet none of Sleeman's contemporaries saw much out of the way in such devotion, which would seem to have been quite common in his own day; nor, in all probability, would he now enjoy any memorial (save the modest tablets in the churches of Falmouth and Jubbulpore) had he not become first the fascinated student and then the determined enemy of the monstrous cult of Thuggee. For all the length of India, in Sleeman's time, were bands of travelling murderers or "Thugs," who would entice honest wayfarers into their company, eat and sing with them, then strangle, rob and bury

them. This was not just a livelihood, it was a religious ritual; the gangs, composed of men and sometimes women who had been dedicated since pubescence, considered the loot a mere pleasant irrelevance; what was important was the sacred duty, rendered to the man-eating goddess Kali, of strangling as many as possible of the human kind. Kali herself (*variatim* Devi or Bhowani) had provided the original yellow scarf for this purpose from "the hem of her lower garment" and had also presented one of her teeth as a "pickaxe" for the digging of graves. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*

For three hundred years the peasants had been too feeble, the native rulers too corrupt, and the Company's servants, when they came on the scene, too ignorant to do anything about it. Now came Sleeman, who, as an officer of the Bengal Army and later of the Indian Political Service, collected his evidence in the face of ridicule, sought out allies among the native population in spite of deep-seated fears and powerfully vested interests, and finally, though often beset by malaria and grave personal troubles, traced the evil to the focal point of its leadership and stamped it out for ever.

CRITIC'S PHRASEBOOK



The characters remain shadowy

Nor is this the only story which Sir Henry Tuke has to tell in *The Yellow Scarf*. There are also petty wars and rebellions; Sleeman's administrative struggles in the Kingdom of Oudh; and his early campaign to suppress Suttee (the cremation of widows along with their dead husbands). It is an impressive record. General Tuke, it must be said, is not a felicitous writer and some of his "vivid touches" ("Sleeman's finger wandered over the map towards Bhilsa") are embarrassing; but he keeps going well enough, and by the end of his book he has succeeded in establishing the salient features (though not the subtleties) of Sleeman's character and attainment. He has also sought to remind us, on the whole with some effect, of the unpopular truth that in India as elsewhere stability was achieved, and independence with sound government therefore made possible, less by native worthiness than by British competence. Had it been up to the Indians, or even to the usual run of white officials, Thuggee, along with a thousand other abuses, would have been left to prosper and multiply. General Tuke's story is absolutely plain and so is the moral which he draws from Sleeman's success: to oppose crime and disorder you must have more than democratic faith in human goodness and equality (of which faith, incidentally, Sleeman appears to have had fair measure); you must also have resolution, facts, intelligence, authority—and a keen, bright sword, of a temper which no longer seems to be obtainable on Ludgate Hill.

NEW NOVELS

The Father's Comedy. Roy Fuller.

André Deutsch, 13/6

The Worm and The Ring. Anthony

Burgess. *Heinemann, 16/-*

A Lover For Estelle. Daphne Rooke.

Gollancz, 16/-

Household Ghosts. James Kennaway.

Longmans, 16/-

I WAS unconvinced by *The Father's Comedy* but never bored. It is a weak story very well told. The weakness is one of plot, which generally seems less damaging than weakness in characterization or description or philosophy. Here what Mr. Fuller wants to say about the eroding effects of promotion-hunger in a nationalized industry, the lack of a common language between parents and children and the violence of an Imperial power trying to keep some kind of a hold on a seething African colony comes across clearly and forcibly, if it sounds a little over-simple. But, when the son on National Service is court-martialled for wounding an officer who is torturing a prisoner and the father leaves his office politics to fly out to try to help him, the reader is on the familiar ground of a

trial scene and he finds it difficult to believe that any court martial would excuse the son because of the father's long buried Communist associations; but that assumption is the plot-centre of the novel and the centre will not hold.

The trouble with Mr. Burgess's ebullient disgust is that he will overdo things. His pictures of a declining Great Power seen through eyes that have glimpsed the European tradition, though only from Redbrick, not from Oxbridge, are often funny and horrifying; but they suffer from piling on the seediness and the bitterness. When he described Malaya and made it seem like a wet Sunday in Wolverhampton it was something quite fresh. Now, in *The Worm and the Ring*, he describes a squalid mixed Grammar School and is on territory with more competition. In practice, even in 1951, Grammar School entrants would have been selected by a rigorous test; but in the Burgess world they are near-illiterates, drooling delinquents. There is no suggestion that there are many schools where learning and good manners are successfully implanted in the children of the working-class by modern educational techniques. In this hopeless world a lapsed Catholic with wife-trouble struggles against the children, the evaporation of his own scholarship and the machinations of the head of his department, who steals his thesis and gets a doctorate on the strength of it. As usual the episodes leave a more vivid memory than the pattern as a whole. But now not much of the writing is even wryly funny. Mr. Burgess is far too talented a novelist to become a whiner.

A Lover for Estelle is a wholehearted melodrama set in Zululand. The people and the place may not be new but they seem new. Questions of race and social relations within the white supremacy are



touched on glancingly, but each stroke continues to reverberate in the background; the violence comes from the same causes as the thinness of the cattle. The bookish daughter of a poor farming family describes the struggle against drought, her raffish brother's attempt to run a store without capital and a rich husband and wife whose mixture of elegance, decadence and turbulence hypnotize their poorer neighbours. There is love and murder and the local colour sears like sunshine. The descriptive writing is brilliant and if the people are larger than life well, as somebody said, so is life.

One was prepared to accept the peculiarities of behaviour in *Tunes of Glory* because the characters were not only Scottish but soldiers. In *Household Ghosts* Mr. Kennaway is still describing Scotland; but both the farming family and the medical scientist who loves the farmer's wife (a baronet's daughter) lack credibility. The brother, an eccentric whose relationship with his sister is conveyed in an extraordinary medley of childhood jokes and oddities of speech, is so outré that one feels he must have an original; but he is as unlikely as some of those wildly invented characters one found in the detective stories of a generation ago, when it had just been discovered that a whodunit needed a fantastic milieu to carry a threadbare puzzle. Here there is not even a puzzle. All the same, somewhere inside this farrago is quite a profound study of evil as a product of dependance. — R. G. G. PRICE

BRAIN-WASHING TECHNIQUE

Thought Reform. Robert J. Lifton. Gollancz, 30/-

A good part of this book is taken up with the author's general views about totalitarianism which are not very original, and his psychological approach is perhaps a little too dogmatically Freudian, too concerned with the significance of early sexual experiences and with the dominance of the filial and transferred filial motive. But his accounts of his examination as a psychologist of a number of refugees from China and of what he learnt through them of the Chinese technique of thought reform are interesting, important and frightening. With all Dr. Lifton's patients the technique was more or less of a failure. If it had not been they presumably would not have left the country.

The failure with his Chinese patients, all of whom had some Western cultural contacts, does not prove very much. One does not know how much success this technique had with many thousands of others who did not leave the country. With the Europeans the Communists failed in what must have been their main purpose—to turn their victims into Communists—but they succeeded, Dr. Lifton discovered, in arousing in them a sense of guilt and in profoundly changing their personalities—even if they could

not change them exactly as they desired. But what is puzzling is why, having failed with the Europeans, they then let them go, damaged indeed in personality but on the whole more bitterly anti-Communist than they had been to begin with. One would have thought that, having failed, they would either have kept their victims or killed them. There is no suggestion that any of them are Blakes, going abroad to serve the Communist cause in secret.

— CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

THE CRANK OF CRABET

Wilfred Scawen Blunt. The Earl of Lytton. Macdonald, 30/-

Wilfred Scawen Blunt (1840–1922) had Byronic tendencies, including great personal good looks and an intensely amorous disposition. He married Byron's granddaughter, but the mixture was not a happy one.

Their eventual separation created a triangular situation, in which their brilliant but unstable daughter Lady Wentworth carried on an emotional and financial campaign against both parents simultaneously. Blunt's passion for justice was off-set by a lack of moral responsibility. This was equally apparent when he reproved his daughter for revealing his recent intrigue with a married woman (who had born him a child) in an attempt to avert his seduction of one of her own girl friends, and his complicated reasoning which led him to refuse to petition Mr. Asquith for Sir Roger Casement's reprieve on the ground that he would thus deprive a hero of a martyr's crown. Lord Lytton has not found it possible to tell his grandfather's story in strict chronological order, which, as Blunt was simultaneously pro-Turk, pro-Arab, pro-Irish Nationalist and Anti-Imperialist, while remaining in his own eyes a "loyal subject of His Majesty," makes for confusion. The Squire of Crabtree who entertained his Liberal friends, wrote brilliant letters and, with his wife, created the Crabtree stud of Arabian horses was only too often obscured in a fog of crankiness.

— VIOLET POWELL

LEVELLERS, DIGGERS, REGICIDES

The Century of Revolution 1603-1714. Christopher Hill. Nelson, 25/-

Official histories present a powerful problem to the genuinely original and creative historian. Mr. Hill, who has given us many valuable studies of the seventeenth century—they range from a three hundred and sixty-page volume on the economic problems of the Anglican Church to a unique essay on the psychology of Cromwell—is not entirely at his ease in this fifth volume of the Nelson History of England. He knows and has thought too much about it all, and he is necessarily circumscribed by his space. As a result, his own insights, except in a brief and moving exhortation at the close, are not especially apparent.

"In commending the actions of the men of the seventeenth century," he writes, "in noting the very real constitutional, economic and intellectual advances, let us also remember how much of the lives of how many men and women is utterly unknown to us." It is a fitting conclusion, reminding us that Marxists can be salutary remembrancers. Mr. Hill is at home with the Levellers, even more so with the Diggers, and he is conversable with "Regicides, hanged, drawn and quartered." Psychologically, he seems unable to discern the other side of the shield. But at least this is a fault in a compensating direction.

— PHILIP HENGIST

MAJOR THOMPSON IN FRENCH

A Certain Monsieur Blot. Pierre Daninos. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 15/-

M. Daninos has now put a typical Frenchman under his microscope as once he put Major Thompson, the typical Englishman. He has charted every square millimetre of Paul Blot, 45, actuary, married with two children, with minute attention. From the multitudinous welter of detail there emerges a character who is presumably as much the Frenchman's average Frenchman as Thompson was the Frenchman's average Englishman. It is hard for an Englishman to say how averagely French he is, but at any rate he is devastatingly, ruthlessly, average—more average, indeed, than any average man could hope to be. As a firm reference-point for foreigners seeking a short cut to the soul of the *bourgeoisie*, Monsieur Blot will be of permanent value.

— B. A. YOUNG

READING WITHOUT TEARS

The Personal Art. Reading to Good Purpose. Robertson Davies. Secker and Warburg, 25/-

Tennyson once dismissed a reviewer as "a Louse on the Locks of Literature," and defined the race of critics as "the parasitic animalcules of the Press." Mr. Robertson Davies also looks with a certain disfavour on "the academic and journalistic junta of criticism," and urges his readers to think for themselves: to read with intelligence and application and a willingness to be absorbed. This study of the art of reading is a lively account of books that have given pleasure, interest and amusement; it is not an imposition of personal tastes but a conversation with an intolerant, original and provocative mind. It is a literary diversion with a purpose: to stimulate the lay readers, or clerisy, in "our nervously tense, intellectually flabby civilization." The temper of the age is, as Mr. Davies says, unfriendly to independent literary judgment; it is time for literary taste not to be the exclusive province of professionals. One can only agree with his thesis, and apply it to the other arts as well.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

CHRISTIAN PENOLOGY

The Idea of Punishment. Lord Longford. Geoffrey Chapman, 10/6

The civilized world, Lord Longford points out, is deeply split: some people want to diminish the severity of punishment; others want to increase it. The aim of this calm, reasonable, well-ordered ninety-nine-page essay is not to plead for particular reforms (though indeed he is an active opponent of execution) but to help readers to clarify their ideas of legal punishment, "and by doing so to assist those concerned, which means all of us, to arrive at the best system of punishment of which we are capable." Lord Longford discusses punishment in terms of retribution (an obsolescent concept in modern British penology), prevention, reform and deterrence, and clearly he concludes that punishment is a necessary means of supporting social order, and that punishment should be humane, administered in accordance with Christian ethics, so that prisoners are enabled to "repay" society and are saved from isolation and degradation.

— PATRICK SKENE CATLING

SOUTH-EASTERN ENGLAND

Who Slept Here? Alan Ivimey. Newnes, 21/-

Mr. Ivimey's "new guide to the romantic south-eastern counties" aims to make you see selected bits of Kent, Surrey, Sussex and Hampshire as they were peopled by the pilgrims, foresters, princes, robbers, lights o' love, fighting men, peasants, and so on. He is determined to prevent you from being an unseeing sightseer, just gaping at the castles and hills without a care for who stormed, built or climbed them, and to give you no excuse for being a bored tourist he has assembled an exciting medley of out-of-the-way nuggets of social history (on forestry, for instance, he is fascinating). The choice of ground covered is determined to some extent by how much entertaining material could be got out of it: a complete "guidebook" is not intended.

— LESLIE MARSH



CREDIT BALANCE

The World of the Impressionists. François Mathey. Thames and Hudson, 30/-. Another book about the Impressionists, this one by the Chief Curator of the Museum of Decorative Arts in Paris, and an extremely readable one. It includes 88 colour plates and 70 in monochrome, many of them unknown in reproduction in this country.

European Interiors. Macdonald, 4 gns. If nothing else, Swiss engraving and German printing combine in this book to give 220 colour photographs of superb quality. Part of the interest in the rooms themselves is in trying to guess their nationality—going by the photo-credits, most seem to be German, with a sprinkling of Danish kitchens and twee French lavatories. The text has a strong Woman's Hour flavour.

Debbie Go Home. Alan Paton. Jonathan Cape. 9/6. Ten stories, all set in South Africa, but only three specifically on its present tragedy, the rest of universal application. Not major work, but direct, deceptively simple, honest and compassionate.



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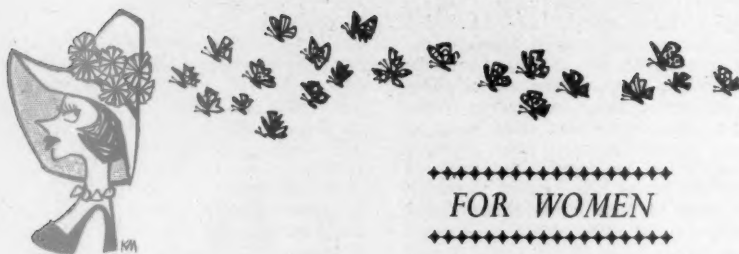
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BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE



Can You Say No?

IN a race of animal lovers, British mothers are the exception. Given any sort of choice, mothers could easily become fond of an odd kitten or two, but when they are deluged with rats, dogs, hamsters, mice, assorted birds, snakes, bluebottles, spiders, *et al.*, they are inclined to develop an overwhelming fear of all livestock. In some mothers, it builds up to an obsessive dread and they have been known to jump clean out of their skins on sighting a small fly washing his feet in the milk.

This is what comes from believing children learn responsibility and kindness in caring for pets. When I was younger, and a great grasper of straws, I, too, fell for this one. In my time I have provided board and lodging for an insane, debauched cat, a pair of half-witted goldfish, a scandalously inbred family of rabbits and a sensitive dog who wept uncontrollably if you raised your voice to him. In every case the children lost interest after four days and, apart from the cat, whom I admired tremendously, I gave them all away to various children, whose mothers have not spoken to me since.

Another reason for having your home littered with neglected pets, whose appetites render you penniless, is our inability to refuse our children. It's easy enough when their demands are beyond our means . . . "No, dear, we can't go and live in Outer Mongolia" . . . "I don't believe Ginger gets 30s. pocket money. All right I *will* ask him, but *you're* not getting 30s."

It is when their demands are reasonable and yet not welcome that difficulties arise. Can Charlie come to

tea? The very mention of Charlie's name gives you a severe pain. He's the worst boy in the world and the thought of him guffawing with his mouth full of chocolate éclair is nearly intolerable. You could, of course, serve tea in the tool shed which might or might not amuse them. But you happen to know Charlie's tendency to commit arson, and his mother might easily accuse you of deliberate cremation.

So you say certainly not. Charlie can't come to tea to-day or any other day as you can't stand him or his barbaric little ways. Why do you have to go around with that brute anyway? Heaven knows there are enough polite, law-abiding little kids around here, but you have to take up with that

One Poor Tiger Hadn't Got a Christian

ALREADY the 'women's magazines are avidly plugging the holiday romance theme. At this very moment mouse-like girls (their mousiness concealing character) are setting off for various Hotel Paradisos and, in less than 2,000 words, will manage to captivate the handsome tennis pro.

If any tennis pro (well, any male over 5 ft. 2 in.) is reading this, and doesn't want the bother of stooging round in an hotel until I arrive, I wonder if he'd phone me? Because otherwise I am beginning to get that certain feeling

potential criminal. As you pause for breath, your child jumps in and delivers an impassioned defence. Charlie's an OK kid. He only behaves like he does because his mum goes out to work and everybody knows what happens to kids whose mums go out to work. He's neglected. Nobody understands him. Everyone's against him and you're as bad as the rest. Next thing you know Charlie is sitting opposite spraying you and the walls with best madeira crumbs.

This continuous wearing down of resistance reveals an abysmal weakness in the parental character and should be remedied without delay. Next time your child asks if he can have, say, a hamster, don't just stand there, stricken with terror. Bare your teeth. Narrow your eyes. Jump up and down waving your arms like a frenzied *samurai* about to decapitate an opponent. This makes it fairly clear you are not much taken with the idea and most children will now bolt with terror. Bolt right after them, still waving your arms and shouting: "The answer's no . . . d'ye hear? NO. N.O."

Believe me, you'll not hear another word about hamsters or any other kind of stroke-provoking rodent. If, a few nights later, you awaken and feel something warm and furry on your face, don't lose your head. Just grab it and throw it at father. It's time he got round to this damn discipline business.

— IOAN HARBORNE

that somehow we shall never meet. Indeed the nearest I have got to true love on holiday was once when the Head Waiter gazed at me in an impassioned manner throughout every meal. This only resulted in indigestion. Otherwise, a blank. I never found my love, and I am tired of sitting like patience in a deckchair holiday after holiday.

Magazine girls have hardly opened their Browning on the beach before He is gazing admiringly down on them, monopolizing their attention, smoothing

on sun-oil, and building castles in the air. When I tried this gambit I had read all Byron and most of the Brontës before receiving an invitation from a small boy to "come and play beach cricket please Miss?"

It's the same inside the hotel. Unlike *them* I can sit for hours at a bar sipping orangeade without a husky male voice offering me some gin to go with it. And although the brochures may have shown dozens of young people thronging the sun-lounge and dance floor, I have an uncanny and unfailing knack of choosing the only two weeks in the summer apparently set aside for the over seventies and under sevens.

But not content with drifting around England ahead of me, snatching up any stray bachelor, these magazine girls have now started going abroad. Their luck there mounts. No sooner do they set foot outside their Italian hotel than Italians converge. Italians, I may add, with no wicked seductive thoughts who, after squiring them on a day's sight-seeing, are content with a warm handshake and a grateful word of thanks. And if they do run into trouble, it's 500 lira to a lipstick that their rescuer will possibly be a lonely, true-blue Britisher.

Not to be outdone, I, too, checked in at a Roman hotel, then eagerly sallied forth. I can't say the men exactly converged, but one small Italian did at least have the grace to follow my provocative steps. "Come, Signorina, to see the Fontana di Trevi," he repeated excitedly. "I've seen it," I lied, suddenly nervous. "But not with me, Signorina" was the ardent reply, whispered softly down my neck.

I looked quickly round for my rescuer. Sure enough, there he was, sitting only a few feet away, but far too immersed in a novel to look up as I passed by. Judging from the dust cover, it appeared to be one of those highly coloured holiday romances.

They had won again.

— ELYSE JOHNSON

☆

"MAINLY FOR MOTHERS
WAITING FOR MARRIAGE."
Sunday Times heading

Not too long we hope.

Current Rainwear

THE Summer 1961 fashion mackintosh situation is clear to me now, I think.

Macs this summer are made of poplin, like coats, but the macs are lined and the coats not, so it's the coats that look like macs and the macs that look like coats.

Or, rather, the macs *would* look like coats if so many of them didn't come in coat-colours—honey, beige, cream—which in some odd way make macs that look like coats look like macs.

However, alternative effects are Hair-dressing Assistant (lilac) and Car Park Attendant (navy/white reversible worn on the white side).

This year's summer coats are washable but if you get a this year's summer

mac wet you have to shake it gently and hang in a cool place and wait nervously to see if you've ruined it. It'll have a special dry cleaner too, probably in the Outer Hebrides. Of course you want to watch the weather when you wear it, because it is not rainproof but shower-repellent.

Still, in our climate, you would be foolish to buy a coat that only looks like a mac when you can buy a mac that not only looks like a coat but for practical purposes *is* a coat. Except that you can't wash it.

Though there *are* waterproof washable macs on sale this year. You'll see them in all the advertisements. After you've bought your mac.

— ANGELA MILNE



"I'm in love with you Alice and I want you to join my union."

Toby Competitions

No. 172—Startime

COMPETITORS are invited to compose a verse of between *two* and *five* lines, laudatory, critical or fantastic, on any film star, living or dead. Libel may reduce chances of quotation. No clerihews.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, July 5.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 172, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

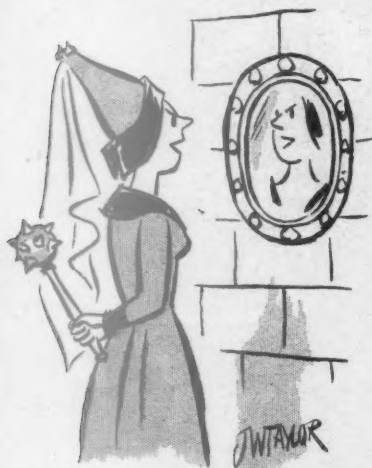
Report on Competition No. 169 (Magic Lantern)

The request for an advertisement for a television set based on claims other than that it provided a picture and sound brought in a large entry, mainly concerned with status and space-heating. There were also several earnest assurances that television really did keep mice away. The winner is:

GERALD HINCH
34 GROTTO ROAD
WEYBRIDGE
SURREY

YOU GET SET—

Wurlitzer. Illuminated dash, sapele veneer, twin speakers in platinum grille, guarantee on vellum, gets Snudge.



"...Who is the fairest in the land?"

You thump. Fizz! Electronic jazz, knit one purl one, Magic-eye bloodshot. Feel better? Wait. Set vindictive, anti-social, crazy mixed up, growls. Grrr. Gets radio-taxi natter, AFN, extra-galactic nebulae. (Duck!)

Oh how peacefully coexist? How equate twenty-four crippling payments with rapidly submerging persona? Oh oracle, how?

McManus, a subsidiary of Willnot Breedem, is currently engaged in the manufacture of ultra-violet cathode-ray tubes. Fit one. Watch M squad. Get sunburnt!

Following are the runners-up:

TAKE IT TO BITS!

Hours of enjoyment for the whole family
A beautifully made kit, consisting of literally hundreds of individual parts, fitted together by skilled engineers—all ready for you to take to pieces. No special knowledge required.

Anyone can do it!

Each set contains parts made of metal, glass, plastic and other modern materials, together with a stout wooden box to keep them in when you have finished.

Not a toy!

Prices from:

£7 (beginners' model) to £21 (family size)
Send for Catalogue or call to view
CREATIVE LEISURE LTD., DEPT. TV (DISPL.)
1-9 Channel Street, London

Michael Ferguson, 38 Hogarth Road,
London, S.W.5

My pater's got the new Tubeless TV!

But does it work?
Of course: it impresses.

But without a tube ...
Exactly. No picture, with matching sound.

But ...
Listen, have you got an *ordinary* TV?

Yes.
Don't you ever get tired of those endless wagon trains?

No.
You didn't *buy* it for the entertainment, you bought it because everybody else had one.

Well ...
Man, a TV set is *pure status symbol*. This one is very big. Designed by you-know-whom. It shows we can afford to purchase a TV set that *does not work*. Definitely one up on the Jones-Joneses.

True.
Andrée Sommerard, 37 Chalkwell Park
Avenue, Enfield, Middlesex

T-ELEVATE YOUR HEATING STANDARDS
LOWER YOUR COSTS

BUY OR RENT A TV CONVECTOR!
Merely turn the screen to the wall and

allow the gentle heat from specially tuned valves to circulate warmth throughout your home.

SIX SALIENT POINTS:

Maximum slits in attractive designs
Colourful range of exciting new pastel shades
Controls at your finger-tips
Complete insulation guaranteed
No harmful rays
No noise if properly adjusted
THROW AWAY THAT CHIPPED CHIPPENDALE,
THAT RATTLING RADIATOR,
AND GRUNTING GAS-FIRE
CONVERT TO CONVECTOR, NOW!
You will never look back!

Robert J. Pickles, 3 Whitham Road,
Shipley, Yorkshire

"I'M DUSTING THIS ROOM," she said—
OH. Yes! (I thought; with *that* pile of glossy magazines!)

"Yes," she said, at my quizzical look. "I merely have to turn on the TELUVE. Its sealed beam filament heaters make the convection currents that carry up the finest dust—and green fly, moths, ants, and even silver-fish on to the electrostatically charged wires inside, where they are firmly collected. If the little green light fails when I switch-on, I simply exchange this old set for a fresh one!"

The poetess who wrote of Nineveh and Tyre, didn't know about TELUVE.

Eric Edwards, 25 Wetstone Lane, West Kirby, Wirral

BANISH "CARPET WEAR" THIS QUICK EASY WAY

Does your carpet show tell-tale signs of a restless household? Bare patches. Scuff marks caused by card or table-tennis players. Frayed edges due to constant "Rolling-back" for parties. Then you need quick-acting FORMULA TV. Nothing to rub in. Just place on the carpet and watch. FORMULA TV rejuvenates carpets by ARRESTING MOVEMENT. Friends no longer call. Games are forgotten. SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE that FORMULA TV *DOUBLES* a carpet's active life. Get FORMULA TV to-day, and say good-bye to "frayed-carpet" nerves.

CARPETS STAY NEW WITH FORMULA TV
Michael C. Paine, The Gate House,
Wilmerhatch Lane, Epsom

SHE BECAME LISTLESS, DEPRESSED ...
"I bought her a slim-line telly, doctor. I thought it would please her. Instead, she became listless, depressed."

Of course she did! And the doctor didn't hesitate to tell him why.

"It's A MATTER OF COMMONSENSE. Health largely depends on a contented mind. No wife will be content with a *slim* television if a neighbour possesses one that's *slimmer* than slim. You should have got her a YENROT SUPER-SLIM."

So don't take a chance with your wife's health. Buy her the *slimmer*-than-slim.

YENROT SUPER-SLIM
and let the neighbours do the fretting instead.

D. H. Torney, 07 Collingwood House,
Dolphin Square, S.W.1

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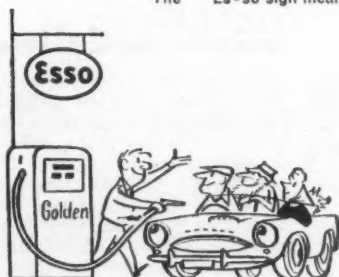
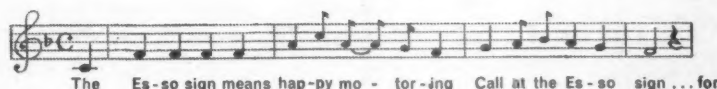
Ancient gaffers croak it
when you stop to ask
the way,



Foreign tourists note it
just to prove they've been away,



Leprechauns can quote it, too—
or so the natives say!



GOLDEN

FINEST PETROL YOU CAN BUY

Punch

120th BIRTHDAY NUMBER

On sale July 19 • 1/-

PUNCH first appeared on July 17, 1841 (we were unable to celebrate our centenary because of the war), and to mark his 120th Birthday the weekly issue on sale July 19 will be a special enlarged number. Readers who already have a regular order will receive this issue in the normal way. But if you have no standing order you are strongly advised to place one with your newsagent. Don't rely on your friends to pass this issue on to you for they are sure to want to retain it. Should you have any difficulty in obtaining a copy write to us at the address below.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIII

designed by Pucci and Magnali. Continental and English swim-suits and bikinis are featured at **Harvey Nichols** from July 3 for two weeks, as well as evening dresses and jewellery by Dior and Luciana of Rome. **Bourne & Hollingsworth's** from July 3 to 15 have reductions in summer style hats and dresses, Swiss blouses, Italian sandals, shower-proof coats. From July 3 for one week **D. H. Evans** also feature shower coats, of the fur-trimmed poplin variety, as well as a range of Dacron printed shirts. In their Fabric Department plain Courtelles is much reduced. Special one-yard patterns available. From July 3 for ten days **Dickins & Jones** focuses on fabrics, also shoes and well-known English, French and American lingerie.

From June 29 to July 15 **Selfridges** highlights a large variety of high-fashion dress cottons, furnishing fabrics, carpets, linen, Wedgwood china. From June 29 to July 8 this store will have the new "Twopenny Telephone" Exhibition. Peter Scott will be at **Bentalls** of Kingston at 3 pm on June 29.

MUSIC



Royal Festival Hall. June 28, 8 pm, London Symphony Orch. (Antal Dorati), Britten-Rachmaninoff-Dvorak, John Ogdon (piano). June 29, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orch. (Massimo Freccia), Cherubini-Brahms-Respighi-Stravinsky, Nathan Milstein (violin). June 30, 8 pm, London Symphony Orch. (Yehudi Menuhin, conductor and solo violinist), Bach-Bartok-Schubert. July 1, 7.30 pm, BBC International Light Music Festival. July 2, 7.30 pm, Philharmonic Orch. (Carmen Dragon), Dvorak-Barber-Rachmaninoff, Aldo Ciccolini (piano). July 3, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orch. (Alexander Gibson), Mozart-Beethoven-Britten-Elgar, Fou Ts'ong (piano). July 4, 8 pm, London Symphony Orch. (David Willcocks), Howells-Honegger.

Wigmore Hall. June 28, 7.30 pm, James Friskin (piano). June 29, 7.30 pm, Peter Cooper (piano) with Riddick Orch. (Bernard Jacob), Mozart. June 30, 7.30 pm, Karl Ludolf Weishoff (harpsichord), Bach. July 3, 7.30 pm, Bratze (violin), Shirley Hall (soprano), Percy Kelly (horn), Andree Ratcliff (piano).

Sadler's Wells. *La Vie Parisienne*.

Royal Opera House. Leningrad State Kirov Ballet, June 28 and 29, 7.30 pm, *Giselle*. June 30, 7.30 pm, July 1, 2 pm and 7.30 pm, July 3, 7.30 pm, *Swan Lake*. July 4, 7.30 pm, Gala Programme (including *Chopiniana* and excerpts from *Taras Bulba*, *Nutcracker*, *Shadows* and other works).

GALLERIES



Arts Council. Architecture Today: selection from British achievement of the past ten years.

Grosvenor. Sculpture by Archipenko (1909-1921) and paintings by his cubist, futurist and suprematist contemporaries. **Hyde Park.** Horne Shepherd. **Jeffress.** Lewin Bassingthwaite, Robert Banks. **Kaplan.** Recent paintings by Lansky. **McRoberts & Tunnard.** Paintings and gouaches by Tadashi Sato. **Molton.** Oils, gouaches, drawings by Paul Klee. **O'Hana.** Oils, gouaches, watercolours, lithographs (including *The Bible*) by Marc Chagall. **Redfern.** Summer Exhibition: works by Sutherland, Moore, Nicholson, etc. **USIS** (American Embassy). Retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings by Marsden Hartley from the American Federation of Arts. **Whitechapel.** New Australian paintings.

What can you do about stock market 'ups-and-downs'?

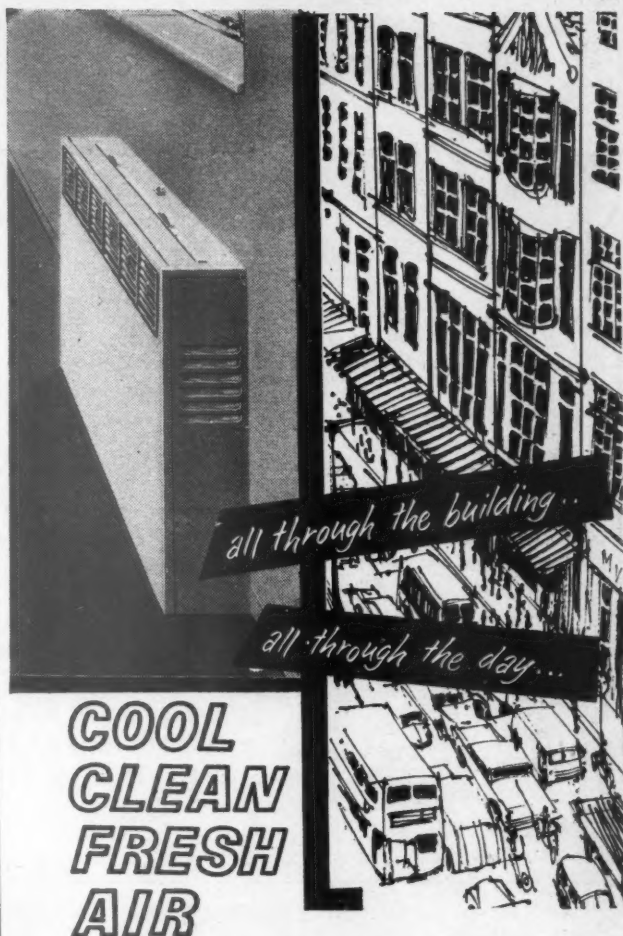
SHARES quoted on the stock markets can go down, as well as up, in price. That is why many investment advisers say – keep a substantial part of your money in the **Woolwich Equitable Building Society**. There are no 'ups-and-downs' on an investment in the Woolwich: you can *always* get back every penny you paid for it.

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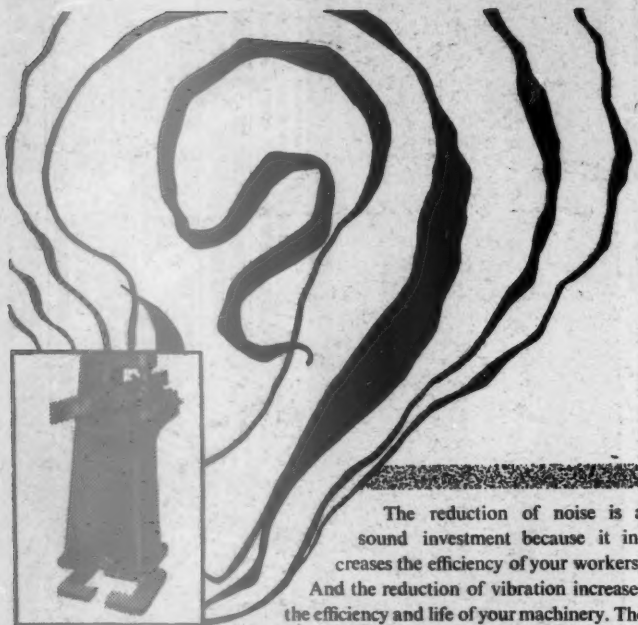
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P.19

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The University of Schweppshire



REPORT ON DRAMA. The amalgamation of S.H.R.O.U.D.S. and the Foglamps resulted in a successful year, although a modern English play by Schwesker, translated into Rumanian and acted on the circular staircase of the 13th century Tower of All Spirits by 12 bus conductors chosen and rehearsed at random, did not get good notices. "If a play is basically something to be seen it must be seen." Accepting this principle, Stükl adapted his version of the Old King Cole story, with its chorus of junior astronomers dressed as nuns, to a specially constructed inverted dome on infra-red telescope lines. Later in the year, deliberately choosing a theatre which was not a theatre, the committee courageously hired, for its *Julius Cæsar* in Old Pretender costume, the building site for the new Budds and Hocking Central Stores. "What we liked about it was that the setting was really *used*," said the *New Schweppsmen*. If it seemed natural to the actor saying rhubarb to sit on a concrete mixer when he said it he sat on it.

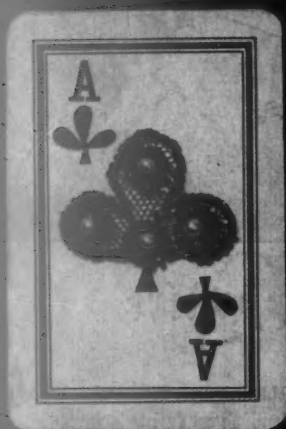
Future plans are many. Already in rehearsal is the new anonymous drama with its famous television-watching scene set in a nurses home. Though post-sink in tempo, the costumes are Aegean in flavour. Indeed even the director is wearing archipelagic clothes based on recent excavations.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

likely lads with a broadsword. They would have fought them-
selves to a standstill for a large packet of Player's. But in those
days there were no Player's to fight for. That's why they were
the Dark Ages. Nothing worth lighting up.

Spade was a sword in honour of Jean and Gaspard Bureau, two
(though she was, in fact, the King's Queen of Hearts), and the
represented his money. The Club signified gorgeous Agnes Sorel
the emblem of his banker, Jacques Coeur, and the Diamond
designed at the court of Charles VI of France. The Heart was
hips first appeared, in the form we know, on the Piquet pack



Four aces and a packet of Player's

In anything from gin rummy to nine-card brag, this is a hand worth having. Four aces and a packet of Player's. First you play the Player's to please the players. Then you play the aces to please yourself. And win, or lose, or beggar your neighbour, one puff

of Player's puts the table to rights. Wherever you go, there are people playing cards and smoking Player's. Cards and Player's go together. People who play, play better for Player's. And even people who hate cards love Player's.

People love Player's

NCC 580

2

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